

The TATLER

Vol. CXXIII. No. 1600.

London, February 24, 1932

{ REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR
TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM }



DOCTORS
THEMSELVES
PREFER

GENASPRIN

*The SAFE
Brand of Aspirin*



MANGO

THE
HEAVENLY FRUIT OF INDIA

Dried and preserved pulp of choicest and richest quality of king Mango by a new scientific formula, always fresh within a year, real taste and flavour a boon for dinner table; well packed. 20 lbs. for £2 cash or C.O.D. Samples 5 lbs. against 10s. or 1 lb. for 3s. only by postal order. Postage, etc., and Customs free to your door.

BHOLA NATH & BROS.,
BALDEO BUILDING, JHANSI
(INDIA)

First-class Cuisine.

FACING COMMON and SEA.

ROYAL PIER HOTEL SOUTHSEA

Running Water (H. & C.) in Bedrooms.

'Phone 2051 Portsmouth.

Castbury

Maker of fine Chocolates

MEDICAL OPINION NO. 12.

An M.R.C.S. writes—

"Fox's Glacier Mints are excellent. I shall certainly recommend them to my patients. There is no doubt as to their purity."

Buy & keep on buying
FOX'S
GLACIER^{REGD} MINTS

SPEND EASTER AT THE
**GOLF
HOTEL**
WOODHALL SPA

'Phone 8

Special terms for long visits or family parties.

Excellent Golf. Reduced Tariff 1932.

Apply Manager.

GLENEAGLES
GOLF + TENNIS + DANCING
FISHING + SWIMMING + RIDING
SHOOTING (Clay Pigeon)
For tariff and reservations apply: Resident Manager, Gleneagles Hotel, Perthshire, Scotland. Direct Restaurant Car and Sleeping Car Services by L.M.S.
"The Hotel reopens for Easter."
Arthur Towle, Controller,
L.M.S. Hotel Services.
HOTEL
Perthshire Scotland

JOHN JAMESON

WHISKEY

Pure Pot Still. No foreign Barley, Malt or any other materials are used in its manufacture.

HARVEY NICHOLS

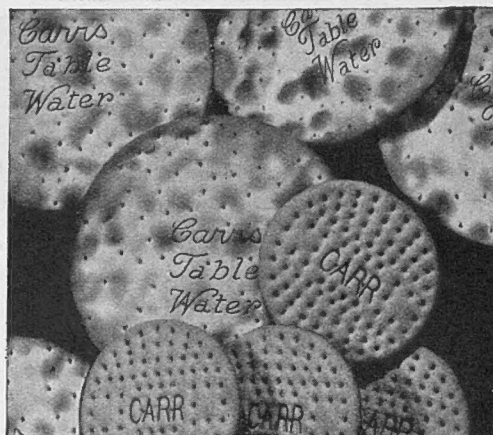


COPIED in Harvey Nichols' workrooms from an exclusive French model . . . a charmingly dainty Cami-knicker in satin and écarle lace. The silhouette bodice is shaped to a deep V at the back; the skirt is circular in cut. Ivory, oyster, pink, peach, black, and new evening shades.

29/6

(Lingerie Department—First Floor)

Harvey Nichols & Co. Ltd., Knightsbridge, London, S.W. 1



BY APPOINTMENT

CARR'S TABLE WATER BISCUITS CARR'S CELERY BISCUITS



CARR'S TABLE WATER BISCUITS.
The Perfect Water Biscuits. No other kind is half so crisp, so thin, so appetising.

★ CARR'S CELERY BISCUIT.
Another triumph. This is the only biscuit that really preserves the true flavour of fresh, winter celery.

★ Voted by America—'a magnificent biscuit.'

MADE ONLY BY
CARR'S
OF CARLISLE
ENGLAND

On Sale in all the
Leading Stores in
the U.S.A.
Agents: Julius
Wile, Sons & Co.,
10 Hubert Street,
New York



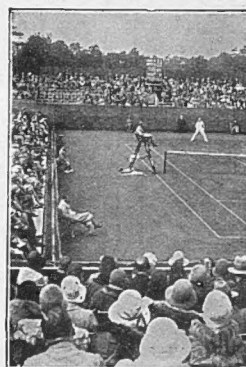
©

By Appointment



to H.M. the King.

"EN-TOUT-CAS" AGAIN SUCCESSFUL



Championships of Great Britain
on "En-Tout-Cas" Courts.

"EN-TOUT-CAS" COURTS have been
ordered for the

BERMUDA CHAMPIONSHIPS, 1932

"EN-TOUT-CAS BOUHANA" COURTS have
also been ordered for
THE WESTSIDE CLUB, FOREST HILLS, LONG ISLAND
THE HOME OF THE

AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIPS

"EN-TOUT-CAS" COURTS
are also being used for the
1932

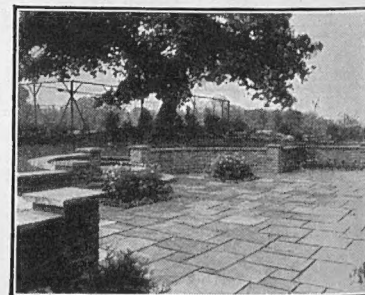
BRITISH, CANADIAN (Indoor), FRENCH,
SWEDISH, Etc., CHAMPIONSHIPS, and the

DAVIS CUP FINALS

"EN-TOUT-CAS" COURTS can be either
Resilient or No-Upkeep and
are the cheapest to install.

"EN-TOUT-CAS"

design and make distinctive
**GARDENS, GOLF COURSES,
RECREATION GROUNDS,**
and build
**CLUBHOUSES, SQUASH
COURTS, PAVILIONS,**
Etc., Etc.



"En-Tout-Cas" Garden Approach.

Please send your enquiries to:—
THE EN-TOUT-CAS CO. (SYSTON), LTD., SYSTON, LEICESTER
LONDON OFFICE IN FORTNUM & MASON'S SPORTS DEPARTMENT, 182, PICCADILLY W. 1.

The TATTLER

Vol. CXXIII. No. 1600. London, February 24, 1932

POSTAGE: Inland, 11d.; Canada and
Newfoundland, 11d.; Foreign, 3d.

Price One Shilling



Bertram Park, Dover Street

THE MARCHESA MARCONI

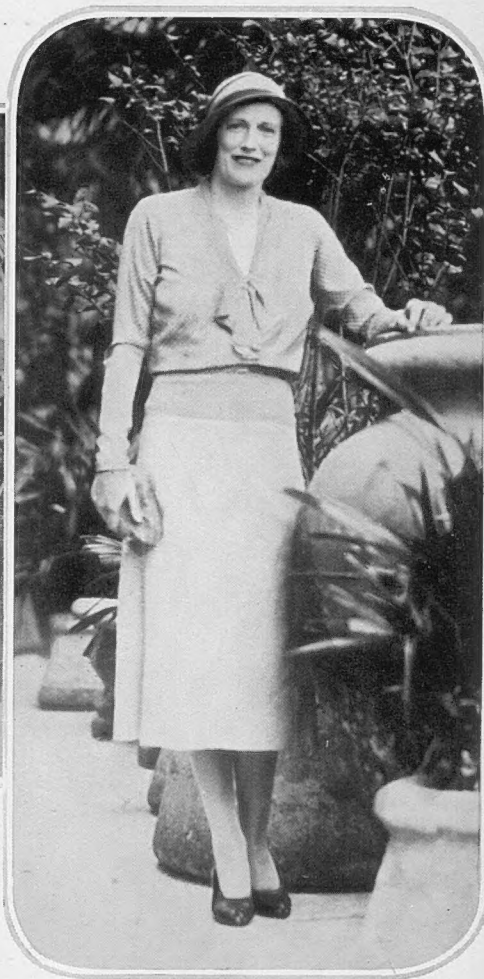
The latest portrait of the beautiful wife of the world's greatest inventor, Marconi, the possessor of a brain which only happens once. The Marchesa is his second wife, and when she was married in 1927 was the Contessa Maria Cristina Bezzi-Scali. They have one little daughter, who has the promise of all her mother's good looks, and she was christened Elettra after the Marconi steam yacht, and it was also a most appropriate name. Elettra was born at the Marconi villa Odescalchi at Civita Vecchia, the beautiful ancient port of Rome. Her Majesty the Queen of Italy is one of Elettra Marconi's god-mothers. Marconi was created a Marchese in 1929

The Letters of Eve



AT KLEINE-SHEIDEGG, SWITZERLAND: MR. GOLDRICH, MISS CLAIR CALLAGHAN, LADY CRITCHETT (and a mutual friend), AND MRS. DEANE

A sun-bathing group taken outside the Hotel Bellevue at Kleine-Sheidegg last week. In spite of the Buchan blizzard there is still a bit of sun about both abroad and at home, and Switzerland is getting its fair share. Lady Critchett, who is with a friend of ours (and hers), is the charming wife of Sir Monty Critchett, Bt., who has been in the Lord Chamberlain's Office, St. James', since 1912, and is State Invitation Assistant. Lady Critchett was Miss Innes Weihe



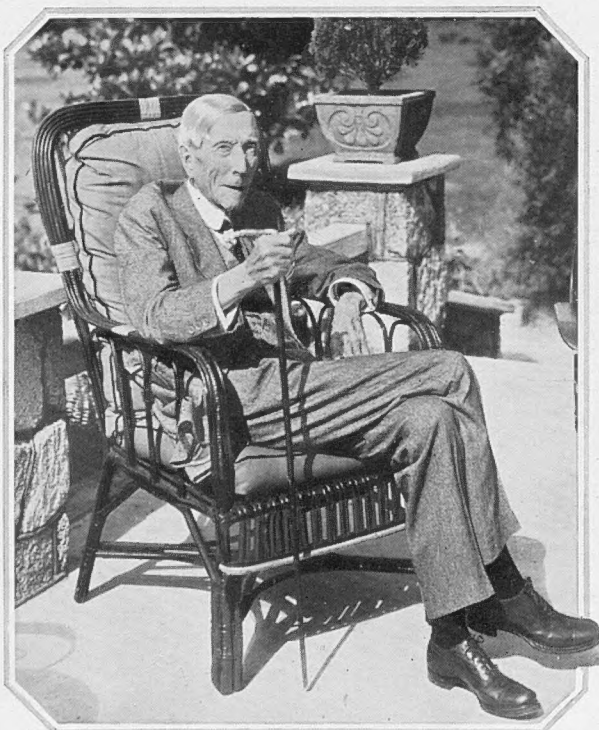
LADY DE TRAFFORD AT MIAMI

Sir Humphrey and Lady de Trafford are having a tour in the sunny spots and came on to Miami from Nassau in the Bahamas, and from Florida they were bound for New York, where they intend putting in a few weeks before coming home again

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.
MY DEAR,—Sunday, fine weather, and the chance of seeing the King and Queen drive to Burlington House with the Duke and Duchess of York, brought a large crowd into Piccadilly the other day. Both the Queen and the Duchess were wearing brown velvet, and Lady Patricia Ramsay, who was with them, looked very lovely tightly wrapped in a long mink coat. And when they had arrived at the exhibition the eagle eye of the Duke of York spotted a curious thing.

It was that Napoleon was striking his famous attitude with the wrong arm in one of his portraits! Has nobody noticed that before? Anyhow, here we are, after all these years, finding fault again with Napoleon. For even if the great man was busy and a substitute did sit for all but the head, and got absent-minded about it, it seems to suggest bad staff work. And talking of staff, several members of the Household were at Burlington House besides the Royal Family and the French Ambassador. Among them Lord and Lady Cromer, the Derek Keppels, and Sir Clive and Lady Wigram.

* * *
Sir Clive, the King's private secretary, must be one of the busiest men in London. But when the Court is at Windsor he manages to devote a little time to his wonderful garden. For he is a tremendous enthusiast, and I'm told that his collection of plants comes from every part of the world. So that his is no common or garden garden (forgive me) in any sense, spreading as it does from the



MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER CONVALESCING AT ORMOND BEACH, FLORIDA

Mr. John D. Rockefeller has not been seriously ill, but a 'flu cold at ninety-three wants watching, and the famous millionaire anyway decided to give his daily round of golf a miss. This interesting picture was taken at Mr. Rockefeller's winter home at Ormond Beach, Florida. It is reassuring to know that he takes an optimistic view of the general trend of world business

Norman Tower, at the base of which some of his rare specimens can be seen clinging happily enough. I have seen them myself from the Castle Hill.

* * *
The great Kreisler and Prince George Chavchavadze split our musical devotions on the afternoon of that same Sunday. I will not apologize for mentioning the latter yet once again, for besides giving a very fine performance, he gave a very amusing party, after it was all over, at Lady Hilton Young's house. And what a very lovely old house it is, with its low rooms with beautiful panelling, its unexpected differences of level, and its gardens. And it is full of her very fine sculpture, among them a beautiful head of our host, about twice life size. Her elder son, Peter Scott, has inherited her artistic talent, though his particular line is water colours.

The younger boy, who is about seven or eight, seems to have already acquired the qualities of the perfect host, for he made himself quite indispensable that afternoon and looked after everybody. And everybody included Princess Troubetzkoy, Prince George's very charming mother; Baroness Szilvyni, who had to return that night to Scotland;

Dr. Malcolm Sargent, and Mrs. Robin D'Erlanger, who was being unmercifully teased about her new hat. I thought it very smart and very becoming, for she can stand that shallow over-one-ear effect. So I expect the people who said it suggested a tipsy shepherdess were suffering from jealousy, because they had neither the hat, the face to go with it, nor such a nice house as she has in Brompton Square.

And while I am on the subject of houses, which I was two paragraphs ago, have you seen Miss Gertrude Lawrence's new flat in Portland Place? It really is most original and amusing. Her bed-room has Chinese walls with curtains and a bed-spread of dark green velvet. And the olive green chairs and green *papier maché* fruit and flowers which decorate her white dining-room are the most attractive things I have seen for some time. But she deserves something specially nice, not only because she is so charming and clever, but because she works so hard.

When I saw her the other day she told me that she had just finished twenty-four hours' work! After playing in a matinée and an evening show, she motored down to Elstree to work all night on the retakes of her new film, Freddie Lonsdale's *Aren't We All*. However it didn't seem to have affected her, and she looked so attractive in a neat little woollen frock with the gold streak in her hair more pronounced than ever. Wasn't it Cecil Beaton who discovered that her eyes closed *upwards* instead of downwards? The lower lids come up to meet the upper ones in a most intriguing way.

I expect some of our more enterprising young débutantes will practise hard to try and acquire

edition of her mother, Lady Mainwaring. And Mrs. Eben Pike has every reason to feel optimistic about her eldest girl's success. She has been clever enough to put her artistic gifts to domestic use, and has accentuated the curious picturesque looks of her daughter, making a real type of her instead of a copy of every other girl in London.

Lady Pamela Smith is another girl who will never be like all the others, for her Madonna-like beauty is really distinctive. And



IN LONDON TOWN:
MISS BABA REDHEAD

Outside her house, which prides itself upon being the smallest in London, and is of the doll's house type. Miss Baba Redhead is the Hon. Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth's sister, and, like her, an attractive brunette. In the snap she is wearing one of the new hand-knit jumpers with a white yoke



Howard Barrett

AT BELVOIR: LORD ROGER MANNERS

The Duke and Duchess of Rutland's youngest son, who was born in 1925. The heir, the Marquess of Granby, was born in 1919, and the second son, Lord John Manners, in 1922

the knack, though I should imagine that it will take some doing if it can be done at all. But I gather that quite a number of this year's batch won't need much artificial aid, and that Miss Diana Mainwaring is well in the running to be the débutante of the season. I met her the other day, dressed in vivid green, looking like a pocket

come out! She is a lovely child and looked very sweet when I saw her the other day in a cornflower blue coat and one of the little woollen caps trimmed with flowers that her mother is so fond of. And her party looks like being a great success judging by all the amusing dinners that are being given for it. She and Mrs. Piers-Legh's girl and Lady Anne Wellesley and her cousin, Miss Pamela Wellesley, were among the many pretty girls at Lady Mildred FitzGerald's dance last week.

Cocktail parties seem to be specially popular just now for obvious reasons. An amusing one I went to the other evening was given by Lady Max-Muller, though, as its *raison d'être* was to entertain her two sons, Charlie and John, it was mostly composed of young people. A day or two later, she and Sir William left England for their old haunts in Warsaw, where he spent many years as Minister in the days before the Legation was promoted to an Embassy. Sir William still has business interests in Poland, and they must certainly be keen to take him out there now, as I hear that the cold is quite terrific. Perhaps it is the cold which accounted for General Carton de Wiart's recent visit to London. For he lives almost entirely in Poland now and very rarely comes to see us.

Mr. and Mrs. John Drury-Lowe's cocktail party was just too late to get into my last letter. It was great fun for there were lots of pleasant people; everyone seemed in great form, one guest brought her own go-making equipment, and the host was kept very busy handing round his own very special brew. Among the pleasant people were Mrs. Cecil Pim, who has such

(Continued overleaf)

b 2



MRS. ALAN GANDAR-DOWER AND HER DAUGHTER, NATALIE

On their way to the christening in the crypt of the House of Commons, and after the ceremony Sir Arthur Steel Maitland proposed the young lady's health and complimented her father, Captain Alan Vincent Gandar-Dower, on his maiden speech. He is the member for Stockport, and Mrs. Gandar-Dower is the younger daughter of Sir George and the Hon. Lady Clerk of Penicuik. Lady Phyllis Macrae was one of the baby's god-mothers



MISS JEANNE STOURTON, MISS KATHERINE HORLICK, AND LADY BRIDGET POULETT AT A RECENT COCKTAIL PARTY

It was at the one given by Mrs. Sieff and Mrs. Dudley Ward at Sussex Place last week as a little "thank you" to all those who helped to make the recent Midnight Ballet a success. Lady Bridgett Poulett is Lord Poulett's sister, and Miss Katherine Horlick is a daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Jimmy Horlick

THE LETTERS OF EVE—cont.

wonderful dress sense, Mrs. Vyvyan Drury, who was Miss Essex French, sister of Lord Brougham, the Beaton sisters, and the David Tennants, who were host and hostess the following night at the Gargoyle Club for the wrestling match they were enterprising enough to put on there.

There were also Miss Nancy Mitford, Mr. Hamish Erskine, and Miss Mala Brand. Miss Brand has original ideas on how to make such gatherings go, and she arrived with a caseful of explosive cigarettes. These did their work with such success that we all got nervous about smoking at all, and even the sausages were suspect. And no wonder, for neither the cheeses nor the match-boxes at Old Brook Lodge, Miss Brand's unique and very attractive little house, can be depended on. I am only thankful that she produced no stink bombs, for one would have broken up the party in five seconds. Perhaps she was reserving those for her friends (or enemies) in Paris where she has been on a flying visit.

An air-mail letter from Bombay brings news of various social gatherings in honour of the officers of the visiting Swedish cruiser, *Fylgia*, in which Prince Bertil, son of the Crown Prince of Sweden, is a midshipman. The most important event was a ball given by Their Excellencies Sir Frederick and Lady Sykes at Government House.

The evening started with a dinner-party attended by H.R.H. and some fifty other guests, including Captain Count Wachtmeister, the Divisional General, and Mrs. Needham and Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Walwyn. Quantities of people came in later to take active exercise, but no one was a more indefatigable dancer than Her Excellency, who, like her husband, is tremendously popular.

The ball-room at Government House is a wonderful building—open all along one side. From the windows on the other side one looks down the lovely garden straight to the sea, and as all the trees were fairy-lit on this occasion, it must have

been an entrancing scene. The ball ended punctually at midnight, but was followed by a supper of eggs and bacon, sausages, and black beer.

Everyone was struck, I am told, by the excellent English spoken by the Swedish visitors, but apparently in their country the learning of three foreign languages is a matter of routine at school. What a good idea! They were evidently a great success, and themselves gave a very good party on board the *Fylgia* at the end of the week as a return for all the hospitality they had received.

A big wedding in St. Thomas' Cathedral is also reported from Bombay, the leading figures being Mr. John Stokoe, Canon Stokoe's son, and Miss Joan Jackson, elder daughter of Sir Ernest and Lady Jackson. About four hundred people were there, among them Lady Sykes, Chief Justice and Lady Beaumont, Sir Ruston and Lady Vakil, and Sir Cowasji and Lady Jehangir.

My correspondent says that the reception held at the Jacksons' house on Cumbala Hill suggested a flower show, for the most wonderful roses, sweet-peas, larkspurs, etc., met the eye in every direction. Lots of lovely presents, including one from the Viceroy and Lady Willingdon, who also telegraphed their good wishes. The bride's father gave the young couple several pieces of old furniture, the collection of which has been his favourite hobby for some time, he having a fine flair for tracking such treasures to their lairs.

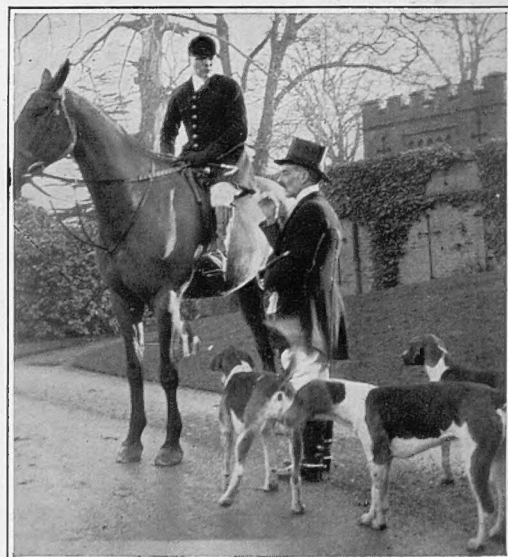
Two things I have to remind you specially about—The Age of Walnut Loan Exhibition at Sir Philip Sassoon's house which had its private view on Monday, and is to last until the 4th; and the fact that next Monday our Leap Year privilege expire.

Not only the unfortunates whose birthdays happen every fourth year will celebrate the 29th. Many of the restaurants are making a "topsy-turvy" festival of it, with the women ordering dinners, being served after the men, and even paying the bills for their parties. They will also ask the men for dances. To make a thorough job of it one should really dine backwards, and this, I am told, one party at the Savoy intends to do, starting with coffee and liqueurs and winding up with cocktails. At midnight, of course, the normal order of things will be restored, and bachelors may discard "that hunted look."—Yours ever, EVE.



MRS. WITHSTANDLEY VOLCK

Mrs. Withstandley Volck's marriage to Count Michael Lichnowsky, son of the former German Ambassador to London, will take place some time next month. In our issue of the 17th a photograph was published with an erroneous statement, which was sent to us, that the marriage had already taken place. We wish to express our regret for this error and for any annoyance it has caused



A CHESHIRE PICTURE: J. WRIGHT, THE HUNTSMAN, AND SIR KENNETH CROSSLEY

J. Wright has been huntsman of the Cheshire since 1920, when he had to do six days a week, and the pack was divided yet once more at the beginning of this season. He still carries on with the half of which Mr. W. H. Midwood is Master. Major B. W. Heaton is Master of the North Cheshire, with Will Welborne hunting hounds. Sir Kenneth Crossley's seat is Combermere Abbey

NOTABILITIES AT NEWBURY



MRS. KENNETH GIBSON AND LADY ESSEX



LORD AND LADY NORTHESK AND MR. FORD



MRS. PETER HORLICK AND MR. Q. GILBEY



MR. AND THE HON. MRS. GARLAND EMMET



MR. AND MRS. DENNIS AND LORD MANTON



LADY GIBB AND SIR R. BENTINCK

Newbury cannot fail to be a pleasant fixture, but a distinct gloom was cast over last week's meeting by the breaking down of Mr. Whitney's fancied National candidate, Sir Lindsay, in the Newbury 'Chase. And when it was learnt that this good horse would never race again, expressions of sympathy with the owner (who arrives in England this week) and with the trainer, Jack Anthony, were heard on all sides. There was the usual crowd of noted visitors. Lady Essex, whose husband is now Master of the Llangibby, attends many jump meetings, but Lord Northesk and his wife (formerly Miss Vlasto) are not often seen on a race-course. Mrs. Peter Horlick was Miss Rosemary Nicholl before her marriage. Admiral Sir Rudolph Bentinck, a very popular C.-in-C. at Plymouth, 1927-9, was Lord Beatty's Chief of Staff at the Battle of Jutland. He lives in Hampshire

The Cinema : At the Rialto

By JAMES AGATE

I AM all for the dinner-hour, not to mention the siesta. Provided always that the business wherein one is engaged does not suffer therefrom, in which case it would seem not to be beyond the confines of human reason that somebody else should temporarily take one's place. Now there are businesses and businesses. The Judge retires to his room for his glass of sherry and a chop, or at least we have the authority of Dickens for this, while the prisoner, who is not yet proved guilty, is retired to his cell also to sustain Nature. In the meantime Justice sleeps, always given that she has been awake. But there are businesses which may not stop so easily, that of the express-train, for example. I take it that the driver of the Flying Scotsman does not go from London to Edinburgh without bite or sup, and that while he takes his nourishment somebody else keeps an eye on the signals. I refuse to be drawn from my argument by the possible contention that it takes two drivers to accomplish this journey. Cinema-managers, especially at houses where the performance is continuous, seem to me to be in the category of express drivers. I am all for lightening the labours, doubtless arduous, of your cinema-manager, who should be given time for apéritif, five-course luncheon, coffee, liqueur, and a reasonable cigar. But during such managerial absence should there not be somebody left at the cinema to hand accredited critics desirous of seeing their show and writing handsomely about it something other than the frozen mit?—Arriving at the Rialto the other afternoon I was informed that owing to the manager's absence at lunch nothing could be done about me. Part of the French army, or conceivably commissionaires attired as such, barred my way, and in the pay-box a lady, who could have been an admirable model for some painter's Goddess of Aloofness, icily informed me that I was beyond her scope. The goddess's argling and my bargling occupied a considerable time, the French army remaining wholly indifferent. Presently a telephone message was sent to the higher realms of filmdom, and what my magnetism failed to do that magnetism achieved; in other words, I was admitted, and to what would have been the pleasantest seat in the stalls but for the fact that whenever the door was opened behind me a draught blew down the back of my neck cooler than my reception and as potent as that *bourrasque* with which M. René Clair's *À Nous La Liberté* was to conclude. In the circumstances I could but find the second half of this film unintelligible and unwitty. There was a moment in which the workmen in a gramophone manufactory, breaking off for lunch, were replaced by another shift, whereat a sardonic laugh came from my hollow chest. However, I shall record with my noted fairness that all round me was an audience enthralled to maximum merriment. So I determined to sit the performance round, feeling like the spectator at *Othello* who, having taken advantage of the half-time prices, is desirous of learning what got this minx into that mess. First there was an animated news-reel which successfully demonstrated the ability of my old friend, Mr. R. E. Jeffrey, to be facetious on any subject from Hammersmith to Cochin-China. Then came a kind of Mickey Mouse film entitled *Oswald the Rabbit*. This was not funny, largely owing to the over-elaboration of a good idea. For a long time Mickey has

been getting less funny, always through the stupidity of not letting well alone, and this imitation, whether by the same hand or another, shows the same fault. Then came a most engaging Nature film all about the life of the orchid as assisted by man, and the life to be found in a drop of water without interference of any kind. There followed a crime story called *The Circus Show-Up*, in comparison with which anything, even a film by Mr. Cecil B. de Mille, would have seemed a master-piece of simplicity.

And now *À Nous La Liberté* came round again, and this, in comparison with what had gone before and despite its extreme artistic elaboration, awoke in us a sense of the completely natural. The faults of this picture—since to mention them is to get rid of them—are two. First, the story is a trifle on the thin side, and second, its implication is wholly untrue. That implication is that the working-man is as much a slave to the machine as a convict is a slave to the routine of his prison.

This is a theme on which your highbrow has always daftly doted and of which apparently he cannot be dispossessed. Only the other day Mr. Galsworthy was depicting railway carters as musing upon the futility of the existence to which they are chained. According to this school of thought policemen on point duty are so many St. Sebastians waiting to be transfixed by the bumpers of disobedient motor-cars or impaled on the bonnets thereof. Factory hands, it is alleged, are turned by their work into robots, and the smiles of the young men and women behind our shop-counters conceal abysses of despair. All this is nonsense, since with Mr. Selfridge's permission the abyss is no more than a slight yawn due to some fool of a customer's inability to decide between a grand piano and a pair of stockings. Writers of all such exhausting twaddle should realize that it is they who are the slaves and not the people about whom they write. Consider the life of the critic who, having read and reviewed three books before lunch, must dash lunchless to battle for admission to a film, fly home, jot down his impressions about this film, dive into his evening clothes, grab his opera-hat with one hand and a crust with the other, and hurl that aching void which is his stomach into that *mélée* which is a first night,

thereafter putting in a haggard appearance at the Savoy, where he will be asked by all and sundry, particularly sundry, what he thinks of it! Do such critics moan? No! Does anybody weave films round them? Again no! Instead they sit patiently through something in which M. René Clair or somebody else describes how hellish is the existence of those who, finishing work at six o'clock, have the rest of the evening to themselves.

These things being said it only remains for me to add that *À Nous La Liberté* is one of the most delicious films ever put together, that it is full of French wit, French invention, French character, and French fantasy, that it cannot anywhere be reduced to solid reason, and that it makes its own logic as it goes along. There is hardly any dialogue, there is delightful music by M. Auric, the photography is first-class, and the whole thing is beautifully acted. There is not a dull moment in this film, though perhaps the luncheon hour is not the best time to visit it. For there must be days on which the goddess lunches, and what then?

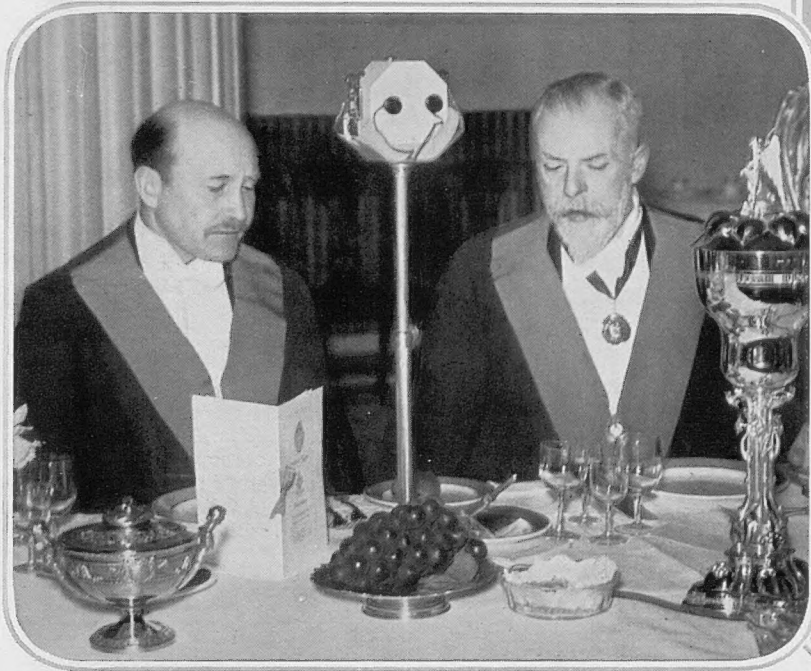


IN "POLLY OF THE CIRCUS": MISS MARION DAVIES AND MR. AUBREY SMITH

It is quite unnecessary to tell the world about the kind of parts Aubrey Smith plays, because everyone knows, and when he took to the flickers the movie people had the sense to keep him in his right "métier." Marion Davies is the daughter of a New York judge, and "Polly of the Circus" was one of her most successful pictures. "Polly of the Circus" is a new film which has been shown in America, but not over here. It is Marion Davies' latest film. Several real circus artistes appear in it

me a draught blew down the back of my neck cooler than my reception and as potent as that *bourrasque* with which M. René Clair's *À Nous La Liberté* was to conclude. In the circumstances I could but find the second half of this film unintelligible and unwitty. There was a moment in which the workmen in a gramophone manufactory, breaking off for lunch, were replaced by another shift, whereat a sardonic laugh came from my hollow chest. However, I shall record with my noted fairness that all round me was an audience enthralled to maximum merriment. So I determined to sit the performance round, feeling like the spectator at *Othello* who, having taken advantage of the half-time prices, is desirous of learning what got this minx into that mess. First there was an animated news-reel which successfully demonstrated the ability of my old friend, Mr. R. E. Jeffrey, to be facetious on any subject from Hammersmith to Cochin-China. Then came a kind of Mickey Mouse film entitled *Oswald the Rabbit*. This was not funny, largely owing to the over-elaboration of a good idea. For a long time Mickey has

THE INSTALLATION OF THE LORD MAYOR, W.M. THE GUILDHALL LODGE



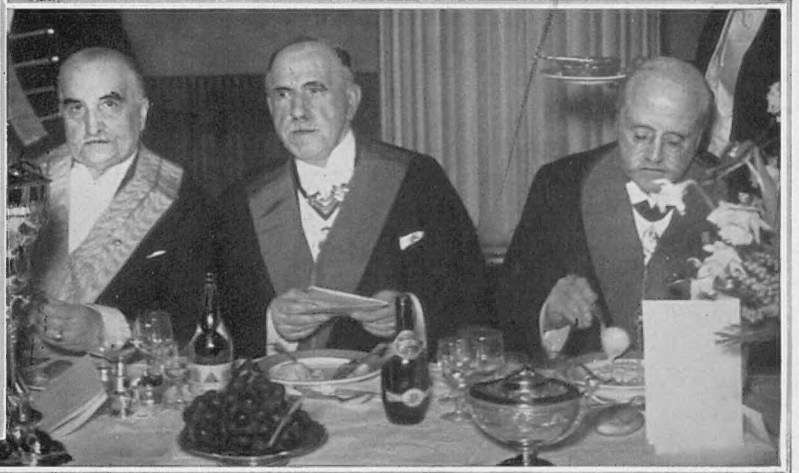
H.R.H. PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT, P.G.W., PROV. G.M. (BERKS), AND LORD AMPHILL, THE M.W. PRO GRAND MASTER



BRO. A. BURNETT-BROWN, P.G.D. (GRAND SUPT. OF WORKS), DEP. PROV. G.M. (MIDDLESEX), AND BRO. ADMIRAL SIR LIONEL HALSEY, P.G.W., PROV. G.M. (HERTS)



BRO. WALTER J. H. HEILBUTH, L.R., BRO. GEORGE H. HEILBUTH, C.C., P.A.G.D.C. (Secretary), BRO. ALDERMAN ALFRED BOWKER, EX-MAYOR OF WINCHESTER, BRO. WILLIAM TAYLOR, P.G.S.



BRO. ALDERMAN SIR W. PHENE NEAL, I.P.M., BRO. COL. AND ALDERMAN LORD MARSHALL, P.G.W., P.M., AND BRO. ALDERMAN SIR GEORGE TRUSCOTT, P.G.W., P.M.



BRO. ALDERMAN SIR CHARLES BATHO, P.G. Treas., P.M. AND BRO. THE REV. WALTER BESLEY, P.G. CHAP.

The Installation Banquet at the Mansion House, when the Lord Mayor, W. Bro. the Right Hon. Sir Maurice Jenks, was installed as Worshipful Master of the Guildhall Lodge, was one of the most memorable and brilliant Masonic functions of recent times, and, as will be noted from this very small selection from a very large gathering, many names of high standing in the craft appear. Notable amongst these are those of Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, Lord Amphil, and H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught. There is also Bro. Walter Heilbuth, ex-Mayor of Westminster, the first secretary, and one of the founders of the Guildhall Lodge No. 3116, and Sir Phene Neal, Immediate Past Master of the Guildhall Lodge and the ex-Lord Mayor of London

Photographs by Sasha



BRO. THE RIGHT HON. LORD ALDENHAM, P.G.W. AND BRO. BRIG.-GENERAL LORD HENRY SEYMOUR, SENIOR GRAND WARDEN



AT THE TALLOW (CO. WATERFORD) POINT-TO-POINT

O'Brien

A West Waterford group last week in which, left to right, are: Mr. Lygon, Mrs. Ion Villiers-Stuart, wife of the new Master of the West Waterford, and Lord Charles Cavendish, who is a son of the Duke of Devonshire. Irish banks and ditches are the things you've got to cross in this domain

A Leicestershire Letter

Just enough snow fell on Tuesday night to make hunting impossible on Wednesday, and with huntsmen, Masters, and horses laid up, most of the establishments didn't grudge a few day's stoppage. The majority of Melton repaired at once to London as out-of-work foxhunters do to fill in the time. Two gentlemen in this laudable endeavour are said to have gone to see the French pictures but reappeared again at once asking for their money back as the exhibition was not at all the sort of display they expected.

The snow lay on Saturday up to the start of Harry Cottrill's sale at Leicester, thus ensuring a good attendance, who bid up well for his nice string of horses.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer's party that night for which everyone gave dinners, was beautifully done and a howling success. Masses of beautiful women there were, including two of her compatriots newly arrived at Craven Lodge for a fortnight's hunting, of which Monday with the Quorn was a very moderate sample. Hounds couldn't run a yard after foxes whose "near" legs were probably shorter than their "off" ones from the diminutive circles they ran. Bad luck on Alec in George's absence striking two such hopeless days for his maiden efforts carrying the horn. Pity the lady didn't fall the other way up; we can't afford to have noses like that broken.

Answers to Correspondents

INQUIRER. — Probably the eccentricities you mention are due to

From the Shires and Provinces

coming from a hilly country like High Leicestershire. Try her with a less rich mixture, she should go twelve dances to the gallon!

HOST.—In the circles in which you move Honourables are only "chicken food." Get the College of Heralds to arrange your table for the others.

TRANSATLANTIC.—You have every right to expect Mr. Beeby to provide you with horses and men, to ride with you all day, and have a car at a moment's call to take you home. He must have run out of spare veils and lipstick on the day you mention.

From the Beaufort

We woke up Monday morning to find the whole country-side enveloped in a sharp white frost, and the meet at East Tytherton was slightly delayed in consequence. Tom, however, quickly accounted for one in Honeybed, and the remainder of the day was made up of slow and moderate hunts in the Hil-marton-Honeybed district. On Tuesday, from Ashley, Master provided a useful day's sport. A fast gallop, with an outlier across the walls to Mount Pleasant, was the first order, with several more hunts; and then to finish up a first-class gallop with one of Captain Benton's foxes from Folly Farm to Ashley, where he got to ground. We understand that this is the first Tuesday this season that this pack has failed to kill: a great record!

On Ash Wednesday a sharp frost greeted us, but the order was "carry on." Alas we were a bit too optimistic, as on arriving at the meet it was found to be far too hard, so hounds returned to kennels, and we haven't hunted again this week, but it looks like going now. Burghie again had a hatless ride on Tuesday, and avoided what might have been a nasty accident, a bough of a tree just missing his eyes. A real good party at Greenaways given by the "Jerk Society" helped to cheer us up over the week-end, and everyone was sorry to say *au revoir* to Charlie Cooper and his Lady wife, who return to India next week. Sunday was devoted to filling in our voting papers for two subscribers to go on the Hunt Committee. Much discussion has taken place over this procedure, and we certainly agree with the majority that it was the last thing that we wanted in Beaufortshire.

From the Fernie

There was a brilliant assembly at Peatling Magna on Monday, the narrow ways of this primitive hamlet being taxed to the limit with horse boxes and cars. The general parade disclosed several new comers, the Marshall

Fields, amongst others, having just arrived from America, also Mrs. O. McClain. Regulars were in force. A three-mile jog to Ashby warmed everyone up. Gwens Gorse held and the fox ringing out to Colonel Gemmell's domain and back, finally made his get-away. "Bunt" on the grey was going worthy of the family tradition in Pytchley annals. The hunt of the day was from Gilmorton, hounds running straight to Kilworth over some heavily enclosed country. Many of the field lost hounds in the fog, and were frequently met at distant points far removed from their real objective. A snow-covered landscape banished all thought of hunting on Thursday, and with the foretold cold spell from



WITH THE FERNIE: MRS. MARSHALL FIELD AND SIR HAROLD WERNHER, M.F.H.

bale

Mrs. Marshall Field, who was formerly Mrs. Dudley Coats, was very well known in Leicestershire long before her marriage, and she and her husband have just returned from America and are back in their familiar haunts. Sir Harold Wernher and his equally enthusiastic "Joint," Captain Charles Edmonstone, have been showing some grand sport over High Leicestershire this season

(Continued on p. 308)

"THE HOUSE" GRIND AT ODDINGTON



MISS MILLAR AND THE EARL OF
MULGRAVE



MISS JOCELYN WINGFIELD, MR. D. LE
MARCHANT, AND MISS LE MARCHANT



MR. BOBBY RUMBOLD AND LADY BETTY
MONTGOMERIE



MR. GEORGE MERCER-NAIRNE—GOING TO THE POST FOR
"THE HOUSE" GRIND



MRS. G. A. MURRAY, MISS D. WILSON, AND THE HON. BRENDA
PEARSON

All these snapshots were taken at Oddington, near Islip, last week, where the Christ Church 'chases, which everyone calls "The House" Grind for short, were run. It was rather a memorable occasion because when the Hon. John Pearson won the House Grind Challenge Cup for the third time he caused history to repeat itself, as his father, Lord Cowdray, M.F.H., did the same thing in 1903, 1904, and 1905. The cup in each case becomes the winner's property—a very good performance by both generations. Mr. George Mercer-Nairne is the son of Lady Violet Astor and the late Lord Charles Mercer-Nairne, a son of the late Marquess of Lansdowne. Riding talent is in the family, as Lady Violet is quite super and is an ex-winner of the Calcutta Ladies' Paperchase Cup, a pretty rough point-to-point in matter of fact. Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, as he used to be, rode a lot more than average well. He was in the Royals, a regiment that has produced a good many quite "extra" performers. Mr. D. Le Marchant, who is in another group, was second on his own Miss Manx in the Nomination 'Chase, won by Mr. Filmer Sankey on Merry Craft. The Earl of Mulgrave, who was born in 1912, is the Marquess of Normanby's son, and the Hon. Brenda Pearson is a sister of the hero of the whole entertainment



Alexander Corbett

SIR HENRY WOOD—BACK AGAIN

The first indoor portrait of the world-famous musician and Queen's Hall conductor since he got back from a trip to Trinidad. There are many other fine and very talented conductors in this world, but there is only one Henry Wood, and, all other things quite apart, his vast audiences have a deep personal affection for him. When he is not busy musically, Sir Henry Wood seeks relaxation in drawing and painting

dividing hedges people could carry on the terms of their social brotherhood. Yet for me a garden which is overlooked is only half a garden. If in your life there is not at least one place in which you can get away even from your nearest and dearest, then your life is only half lived because, as a rule, irritation takes the place of that utter seclusion in which the soul may grow and know itself, returning to the crowd strengthened and refreshed. Half the failure of married life is, I am sure, connected with the relentless propinquity, often a day-and-night one, which is expected to form part and parcel of that state of earthly sacrament. Human nature can't stand such mental and physical monotony. Neither can human nature stand the unavoidable proximity of the human crowd, however friendly, without nagging and quarrelling; not for the sake of nagging and quarrelling but simply because, without the possibility of a certain amount of solitude and silence, nerves give way and cruel things are said and done which really are without meaning, though their repercussion in the common round may endure for months and years. Even to live in a flat is for me rather a test of endurance—like living in a prison which, although you may have the key, is not the key of a full personal liberty. But in all the socialistic dreams of a new world we shall also live to a formula, everlastingly meeting people educated in the mass, and with the mass-education outlook that, speaking

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

The Awful Democratic Propinquity

AMONG all the pictures of the Socialistic New Earth of the Future one thing appals me: it is the utter lack of personal privacy which it conveys. Everything mass produced—even happiness. I listened to a lecturer the other day, during which, in praising the greater social levelling in the world, he declared that one of its happiest symptoms was the fact that nowadays gardens, instead of being exclusive sanctuaries, abutted upon each other so that over the low,

personally, I can only believe will be utterly unbearable for some people. Moreover, not only meeting people—we can avoid them quite often if we will and are well up in the technique of white lies—but having people flying at us from whom there will be no refuge. So instead of having the joy of a country cottage as a means of escape from people, underground caves will be at a premium, and “all modern conveniences” merely the installation of a periscope. Even a desert island will offer no security then! How we shall all be drilled for the world good! And how healthy and how dull that world will likely be. At least, unless you possess the collective mind, seeking and desiring only other collective minds, all leading the collective kind of life within the herd-collection. Even as it is we have too often to live the kind of life sanctified by the over-earnest minority. But when life will be scientifically drilled from birth to death, and there will be no deserted places, simply because no place will ever be deserted . . . Well, I suppose we shall get used to it, but for the moment I can conceive of no greater unmitigated horror.

“Brave New World!”

NO wonder then that the Savage, who in Aldous Huxley's satirical novel of the new scientific earthly paradise of the future, “Brave New World” (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.), represented the old personal liberty of thought and action, committed suicide at last. Even in the light-house whither he sought refuge from the mass-produced world in which men and women were living, he was pursued and persecuted as an unnatural human specimen, simply because he had sought solitude and silence from their scientific formula of life and living. They couldn't understand it. They themselves lived in a world in which men and women were born, not in a natural way, but from spermatozoa hoarded in bottles in State scientific hatcheries and graded mentally according to the use the children were to be put later in life. The method was most convenient. The State could procure the few highly mental intelligences necessary for government, together with the human servants necessary for carrying on the machinery of government; and lastly, the low mental type to fill in the purely mechanical labours also so necessary for human comfort. Two of each, male and female, were thus made as wanted. Illness, however, had been eliminated. Death occurred at the age of sixty by violence; mental anxiety was killed by a drug freely given to all. So there was no unhappiness, simply because there was no happiness; neither were there square pegs in round holes, simply because when square pegs were wanted men and women of the “square peg” type were manufactured in the State laboratory. In fact, it was all the carrying out scientifically

of one of Nature's most arbitrary laws, only it was not all spoiled and complicated by a political belief that all men are born equal and so demand the self-same chances, which at present makes life so falsely founded. Science knows better than that, and in this Brave New World science was supreme. As science had destroyed a belief in God the very name was a blasphemy. Immorality was to give birth to a child. Consequently the words “mother” or “father” were not mentioned in polite society. Sexual intercourse was enjoyed as now we take a cup of tea—as a kind of pleasant and rather exciting interlude. But to have a child from such

Sasha
SIR ERNEST AND LADY WILD AT THE FIRST NIGHT OF “ABRAHAM LINCOLN”

A Sasha-light picture of the great lawyer, who is one of London's most inveterate first-nighters. “Abraham Lincoln” was presented at the Old Vic last week. Sir Ernest Wild has been Recorder of London since 1922, and was called to the Bar in 1893. Lady Wild is a daughter of the late Mr. William Barnard, J.P., of Great Yarmouth

(Continued on p. 306)

THE DAMPER!

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



"Steady, old gal! Ain't it bad enough fer me to lose me 'usband, without yer puttin' water in me gin?"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

intercourse, and thus upset the strict scientific manufacture of babies according to the required type, was the last social outrage. The whole story—and there is a definite plot running through this amazingly clever and most amusing book—is, in reality, science pushed to its ultimate extremity in so far as humanity is concerned. It certainly gives one “furiously to think.” Human life has developed itself up to the present entirely upon its emotions, and look at the mess humanity has made of it! So here we have a picture of human life developed entirely by the human mind in its most relentlessly scientific aspect. It is a gloriously absurd view. Also, perhaps, it is the only possible view if political and scientific theories of a new earth are to be put in practice. It is this which makes the book such delicious, yet thought-conducive, fun. Common sense thrust downward to the *n*th degree, always a most disturbing factor. I chuckled over the book from beginning to end. Nevertheless it made me think more seriously than a thousand deliberately serious books. If the best is still to be in this best of all possible worlds, it will have to be, I suppose, something like Mr. Huxley's prophetic satire; but—from my point of view—how awful to live in it! Parenthood, a sin. Poetry, art, music, sentiment only permitted as they further the political-scientific world plan. The right ideas inculcated into youthful minds by means of a loud-speaker bawling loudly in their sleep. The greatest sin to be an individual. The most suspicious idiosyncrasy to be voluntarily alone. All the same, I would not have missed reading “Brave New World” for a great deal. It is not everybody's book, of course. If you are of those who, being “of the primitive twentieth century,” will likely be in the future incarcerated in some tropical compound as “curios” subversive to the world's scientific plan, it will shock you a great deal. All the same, it is the cleverest fantasy on a scientific theme I have read for years and years.

A Pleasant “Soufflé.”

“Seven Basketfuls” (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.), by Theodora Benson and Betty Askwith, is rather like one of those “dainty lunches,” so pleasant to regard if you don't happen to require anything to eat. You sit toying with nothing very much, the while you talk gaily and lightly to some delightful acquaintance about nothing at all. At least only of hints of love affairs, which we feel will not leave even the tiniest wrinkle on the soul's brow whichever way they may happen to go. We live while we are reading it somewhat in the atmosphere of rich young people who have nothing to do except meet each other at the smarter night-clubs, but happily not among the night-club “nit-wits” who only make so many night-clubs at least look smart. There is a happy vein of feeling and sentiment running through the story such as it is, which saves one from everlastingly thinking

that nothing could do the characters of the tale so much good as a hard day's charring. Indeed the young people of the story even have faint glimmerings of “ideals” which prevent them entirely from joining the dull ranks of the Bright Young People. The plot is almost too frail to carry a hero and a heroine, but Georgina is a charming study of a débutante who was easily liked rather than easily loved—always just missing the centre of an admiring circle. Philip, too, is a likeable young man, not psychologically in the least interesting, but one feels that a few of life's harder knocks will eventually make something of him. Joyce, also, the rich, beautiful girl who comes between these two for a little while, is even better company than either, with her desire

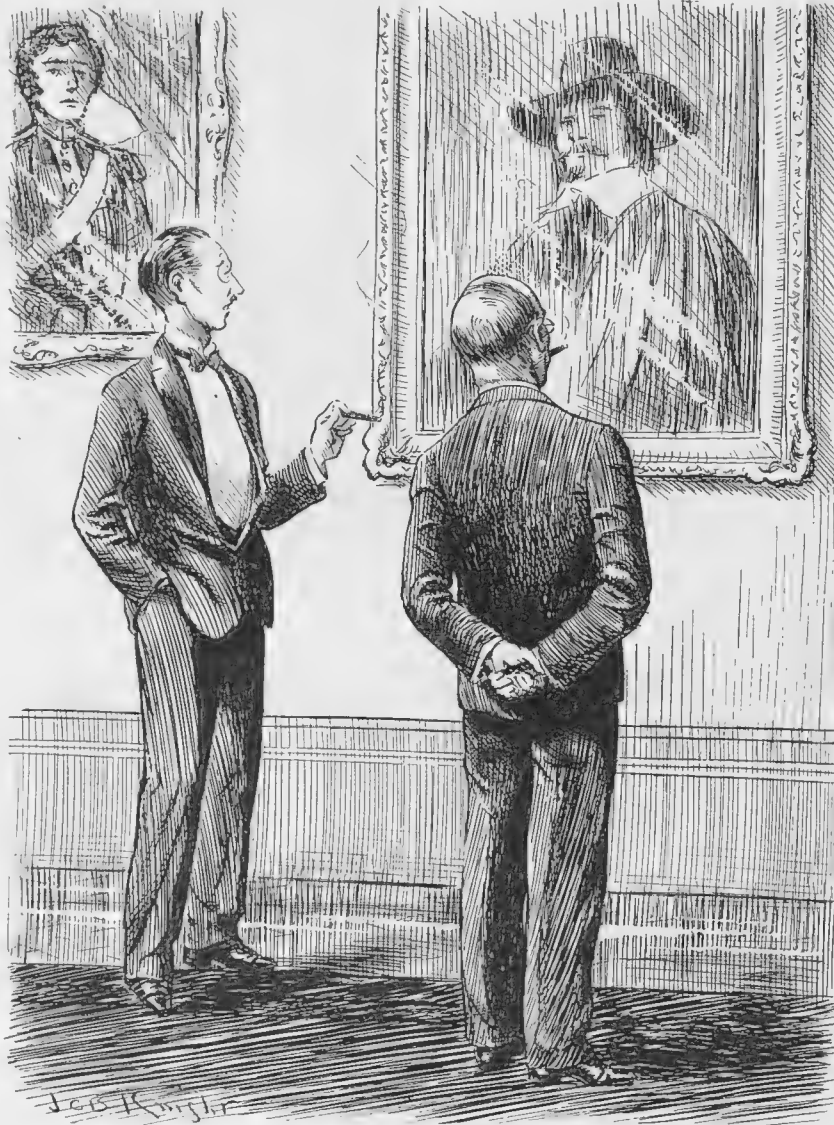
for romance nicely affixed in a brain which knows how to remain cool and collected. It is, however, the charming way in which this *soufflé* of a story is written which matters most of all. It is not actually amusing, it does not pretend to be witty, but there is a gay, quiet charm about it which makes it exceedingly pleasant to read.

* *

A Brilliant Novel.

In a class by itself among very recent novels, is “Boomerang” (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), by Helen Simpson. It is not only twice as long as the average novel, but it is far more than twice as good. It contains as much excitement, as much humour, as much observation, and as much historical knowledge as would go to make up a score of good stories. And it is all as varied as can be. We begin with the supposed narrator's great-grandfather, a Frenchman sent out of the country just before the Revolution to govern a far-away island. On the outbreak of the Revolution he crowns himself king, procures a wife from England, and becomes the father of a son. There is something beautifully farcical about it all, and yet it is described so convincingly

that you find it quite easy to believe every incident and detail. This son eventually returns to France after the Restoration, becomes a soldier, is mixed up in the Revolution of 1830, and so has to emigrate quickly to Australia where, with the aid of convict labour, he builds for himself a château, a replica of the one from which his race first originated as notabilities. Finally the long story—which never once seems too long—concentrates upon the girl born in the fourth generation, who after a stormy childhood marries an English peer, and returns with him to Australia as the wife of the Governor-General. Lastly we come to the Great War and the tragic ending. It is perhaps difficult to believe the episode when the woman joins her lover in his dug-out on the Somme, but nevertheless, it is so well done that improbability matters nothing at all. Indeed, the whole novel is an original and brilliant achievement, witty, amusing, intensely exciting at times, and splendidly written. It should prove one of the season's big successes, and not only for one season but for quite a long time to come.



Son of the House (showing guest round gallery): That's only a Rembrandt—not one of the family!



MRS. JOHN MARRIOTT ON
THE PALM BEACH LINKS



LADY PEEL (MISS BEATRICE LILLIE, OPENS THE
ANNUAL MOTOR-BOAT SHOW IN NEW YORK



MRS. JOHN BARRY RYAN
ALSO AT PALM BEACH

NEWS FROM OVER SEAS



LADY (HUBERT) WILKINS
DECORATES PALM BEACH



MR. AND MRS. J. H. WHITNEY AT HIALEAH RACES

Social activities in various distant localities are illustrated here. Mrs. John Marriott and Mrs. John Barry Ryan were interrupted by the camera during a round of golf on the Poinciana course at Palm Beach. They are daughters of Mr. Otto H. Kahn. The annual show of sea-going craft, which Miss Beatrice Lillie piped open in New York with a lusty blast on a whistle, drew crowds from all over the States. Lady Wilkins, the wife of the famous Arctic explorer, is spending the winter months at Palm Beach, and wears the most engaging beach suitings. Mr. "Jock" Whitney is the well-known American owner, and very popular in English racing circles. Presumably he will be coming over to see Dusty Foot run in the National. Mr. Osbert Sitwell has not gone to the Canary Islands merely in search of sun, for he is working hard on a new book



MR. OSBERT SITWELL
AT LAS PALMAS

From the Shires and Provinces

(continued from p. 302)

Mr. Buchan we looked to be in for a stoppage. It may be a blessing in disguise for many stables are feeling the wear and tear of a very open season, and a week's rest would do no one any harm. However the season is petering out, and let us hope the check will be of short duration. Point-to-points are now in the making, but I fear we shall give it a miss this year on the ground of economy. Leicester Repository was crowded with frozen-out fox-hunters on Saturday, the only thing wanting being a pack of hounds.

From Warwickshire

On the whole I think we were lucky to be able to hunt on Monday and Tuesday, as the weather has been "boiling up" for snow in that heavy and depressing way for a week. When the wind changed on Monday night to the north-east we were certain to get it. As is usual the case before snow scent was moderate at Talton House on Monday, although the bitches did manage to kill a fox in Crimscoate. Another was hunted slowly out to Preston Bushes, but it was not a great day.

The cold wind was intense on Tuesday, and we had all the extra woollies and mittens on that we possessed. The first draw was Golden Cross from the meet at Shipston. "Hold hard, there, on the right, please." The cocktail horse seemed a bit over-anxious this morning! The cold may have had something to do with it.

The foxes there grow with kinks in their necks, and this one provided a slow, twisting hunt round Todenham. Another from Timms gave us a good but slow hound hunt round via Wolford Wood to a kill in the open. Dunsden, Will's Gorse, Golden Cross were blank, and by that time the cold wind was too much for most people. A very small field arrived at Tredington Hill, when a fox went away for Shipston, and it looked like being real fun until he ran the railway line, and hounds could never really run again. The snow came on that night and lay thick, so no more hunting this week, and we shall have to content ourselves with the bridge table and the cinemas.

From the Heythrop

With the ground quite white from a frost overnight, On Monday the prospects looked bad.
The optimists thought we were bound to have sport,
The pessimists thought it was mad;
But the Hermon-Hodges have wonderful dodges
For warming the inner cove,
So with feelings of cheer and an absence of fear,
We went off to draw Sarsgrove.

The fair green sward was as hard as hard
And prospects again looked black
As we started to bleat about hurting hounds' feet,
Or that someone had been on his back.
When the sun came through as it's wont to do
At about this time of day,
And its rays so hot put an end to the rot,
And we trotted off Pudlicote-way.

Ere there was a whinney, we found in the spinney
Five foxes, if there was one.
We soon killed a brace, to another gave chase,
And had a most excellent run.
For hounds fairly slipt on by Ascott to Shipton,
And thence on through Lyneham they sped,
And, for sake of our morals, we skirted the Norrels,
As the mud there just makes one see "red."

The pace was a thriller to Sarsden Pillar;
To Chadlington then we bore,
And there just about all scent gave out,
And our hunt it was no more;
So ended a day which was nearly lost
By degrees of doubt and degrees of frost.

From Lincolnshire

The recent arctic weather, the first of any real importance this season, threw hunting out of gear a bit, but happily the stoppage was only short-lived. Although snow still hung about, most of the county packs were able to resume on the Eve of St. Valentine. The Southwold, after meeting at

Aby Station, found a regular spate of foxes in Tothill Wood, but they were lacking smell. One from Woodthorpe took hounds over unfamiliar country nearly to the sea at Mablethorpe, but after running for sixty minutes they had to cry "Halt!" in a snowstorm. Four hats, including a top-per, floating down one of the big marsh drains, bore eloquent testimony to the difficulties encountered in this water-logged country.

Things with the Brocklesby from Stallingborough Station were also kept at high pressure over the salt marshes which carried neither frost nor snow; while the Blankney, hunting from Welbourn Hall, had a ding-dong hunt of two hours from Lubbock's Gorse, which finished in the Belvoir country, but there was never enough scent to enable any of the packs to work up to a kill. Indeed, on the plough it was absolutely hopeless, and

the going was so deep that "strappers," during the week-end, had a very bad time.

From the York and Ainsty

Though we've had a little snow and frost we have hardly lost any day's hunting and, in that way, have been luckier than people in the South and Midlands. Both packs were out on Saturday (13th); the North met at Scotton Mill and had a nice hour's hunt from Nidd Banks, whilst the South were at Highfield Station, where only a small field turned up, including the grey-coated colonel and other pillars of the Holderness. We had a hunt from Brighton Common over a nice line of grass, though the N.E. wind and storms of rain weren't too pleasant and the famous Featherbed Lane was quite at its best. The Sandpit Wood fox, after starting off well, got to ground close to the airship shed where R 100 was hatched out, and had to be left—after which there was a gallop from Knedlington.

Tuesday's fixture, Bond Hill Ash Bridge, puzzled a good many people whose geography was weak. The best effort was that of the colonel who went all over the Ainsty on the map with a magnifying glass till he found it. Anyhow a good many people managed to turn up.



A SOUTH HEREFORDSHIRE GROUP

On the steps of Brampton House, when these hounds met there by the invitation of Major and Mrs. Beaumont-Thomas. The names are: In front—Colonel Aulton, Master and Miss Beaumont-Thomas, Mrs. A. Simmons, M.F.H. (the Master), Mrs. Beaumont-Thomas, Miss G. Lucas-Scudamore, and Mrs. Towse; others in the group are Major Beaumont-Thomas, Captain R. H. Shears, Captain H. Oliphant, Miss Towse, Captain Cope, Mrs. Vivian Helme (wife of the former Master), Miss MacBride, Major Stevens, Mr. Cave-Moyle, Miss Bayliss, Mrs. Ratcliff, Mrs. Lucas-Scudamore, Miss Aulton, Miss Beswick, and Miss A. Lucas-Scudamore.

Truman Howe

THE ADVENTURES OF SINBAD



"STREET SCENE"

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

TRÈS CHER,—Give an ingenious child a few empty reels of cotton, some old cigar-boxes, a few hairpins, and a handful of tin-tacks, and it will create for itself a toy that, for real enjoyment, leaves the shop-bought article "simply nowhere"! Give an artistic young man, with no money to waste but rich in decorative ideas, a tiny flat in an old quarter of Paris and a few bits and pieces, and he will evolve an interior that, for charm and originality, leaves the ordinary cheque-signing home-builder breathless with envy.

Mr. Richard Geoffrey Swaffield is the delightful grown-up child in this case; and his "cigar-box-reel-of-cotton" flat, just off the Champs-Élysées, is the most enchanting little home I have seen for a long time. A mutual friend took me there, and with the privilege of that friendship dumped me—and my well-known appetite—on the Unfortunate Youth for lunch. The U.Y., let me tell you, however, turned out to be six foot tall and looked thoroughly competent to cope with any stranger and any appetite. He gave one look at me, handed me the loaded shaker, and vanished kitchen-wards to add half-a-dozen eggs to the *soufflé*! The mutual friend chuckled. "Yes—he cooks as divinely as he sews," she said. "Sews?" sez I. "Yes," sez she, "and not only the curtains—you'll see!" The curtains in the living-room were of cretonne, a gay pattern on a black ground, and the divan matched, of course. There was no paper on the walls. They had been stripped bare, right down to the plaster, and were whitewashed. On one wall was stretched a black lace mantilla; the heavy pattern and lighter transparencies standing out against the white was a sheer *trouvaille*. A few rustic chairs, old bits of furniture, and here and there the gleam of silver reflecting the dancing light of the logs flaming on the red-brick hearth. . . .

In the dining-room—*autre chose*. Ceiling and walls were "tapestried" with the pages of old books—those ancient volumes that one can pick up still, for a few *sous*, on the second-hand bookstalls of the quays—that are so lovely with their yellowing paper and the bold black type of their printing. These pages were pasted flat, in haphazard manner, and varnished. The curtains were of brilliant red *toile ciré*—

American cloth is, I think, the correct term. In the third room a vain-glorious Chantecler sprawled his gay plumage across the whitewash of the walls, and curtains of rough sacking decorated the window and over-mantel, where the traditional mirror was lacking. It seemed, however, that whatever anything lacked in the furnishing of his flat, Mr. Swaffield not only did without, but proved quite conclusively how unnecessary was the missing object in reality. In lieu of the mirror he has painted a little rustic window, and at night he "flood-lights" it by means of an electric bulb hidden in an overturned flower-pot placed on the mantelpiece. Now, I ask you, wouldn't you remove your *chapeau* to such an ingenious person? I removed mine . . . and in earnest!

It was one of those hats that one buys, at the end of a tiring day, from sheer despair at not finding exactly what one was looking for. One tries to feel optimistic, and one tells oneself "It'll look better when I get it home!" When one does get it home, however, one realises that it would only look possible if one could change one's face! It was, in fact, not a hat at all, from my point of view, but merely a Bad Mistake. I could tell, by his discreet but pained glances, that mine host was of the same opinion . . . so was our mutual friend. "Let Jeff try his hand at it," she said. "I told you he could sew!" This was after lunch—and what a lunch!—and the fate of my hat seemed of but small importance, so I handed it over. "Jeff" looked at it distastefully for a moment, and then calmly put his knee through the crown and ripped off the brim. He smiled (I tried to!). He did things with pins and a pair of nail scissors, and, having replaced the brim at a totally different angle, came over and crowned me with the result. I could see that the creative fire was burning in his eye, and therefore did not dare to mention the pin that had entered my scalp. Next minute, however, I had forgotten this minor torture. When I saw myself in the glass the Bad Mistake—O boy!—had become *the* hat of my millinery year!

I had not intended to spread myself quite so much over this somewhat egoistic story, but you must agree, *Très Cher*, that my enthusiasm is justified. In these days of pill-box head-gear, a really satisfactory hat is something over which one easily grows lyrical! I gather that "Jeff" is thinking of launching out as a professional shapô-creator. All power to his thimble, sez I, and so will you if, as he may do—being English—he sets up his tent in London.—With love, PRISCILLA.



GERDA MELLER IN "INTIMACY" IN PRAGUE

Gerda Meller had a big success in the part of Amanda Prynne in the German production of Noel Coward's *Intimacy* at the Neues Deutsches Theater in Prague, and it was the big winner of the German season in Czecho-Slovakia



d Ora Benda

BEAUTY AND HER SLAVE

An artistically-posed picture of Fräulein Ossy Rondje and her attendant, taken in Vienna not so very long ago

ALL THE WAY FROM HOLLYWOOD



JOAN BLONDELL OF THE YOUNGER BRIGADE



MARY BRIAN
OF
HOLLYWOOD



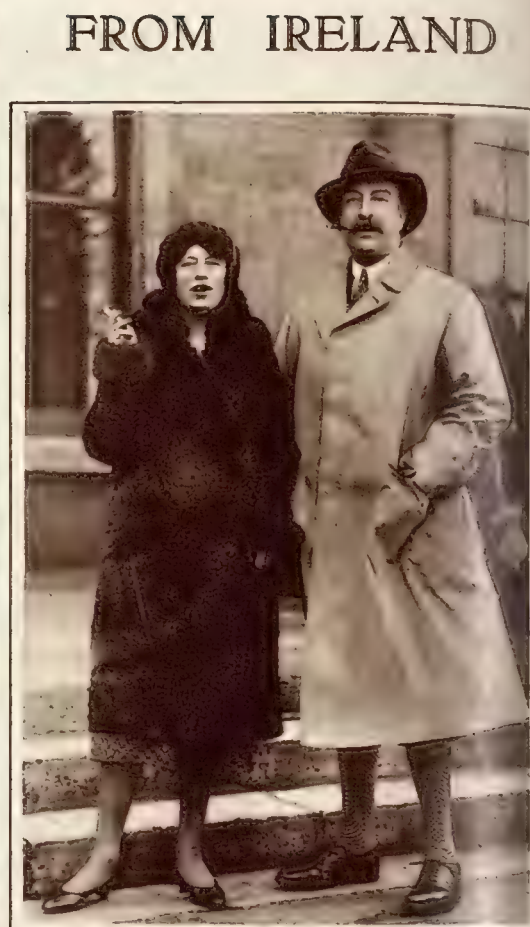
PEGGY SHANNON

All the pictures on this page, with the exception of the one of Gloria Swanson and Ben Lyon, are what may be called, in film jargon, "off set"; that is to say, of beautiful stars taken at moments when they are only doing some modified twinkling. Mary Brian's real name is not Irish at all, but Dantzler. She was born in Corsicana, Texas, just 24 years ago. Joan Blondell, one of the Bright Young, was sniffing the ozone off Los Angeles harbour; and Peggy Shannon is one of Paramount's most decorative stars. Gloria Swanson we now have at the Tivoli, in the Strand, where she is appearing not in "Indiscreet," but, in "To-night or Never," founded on the late David Belasco's play and in which she plays Nella Vajo, her opposite lead being Melvyn Douglas



GLORIA SWANSON AND BEN LYON IN "INDISCREET"

A FEW "PIC(K)S"

AT HEADFORT: CAPTAIN R. C. H. JENKINSON
AND MRS. TEACHERALSO AT HEADFORT: MISS DOROTHY
PEARSON AND "LOGI"AND THE HOSTS: LORD AND
LADY HEADFORTWITH THE MEATH: LADY DELIA PEEL, MR. AND MRS. DESMOND FITZGERALD
AND THE RT. HON. T. K. LAIDLAWWITH THE LOUTH HOUNDS: LADY MARY
AND LADY HELEN WARD

Even though the results of the Free State Elections may still further divide John Bull's other island (as was) from the remainder of the group, there will ever be a soft spot in many people's hearts for that great place for sport of all kinds. The three top pictures were taken at a recent party Lord and Lady Headfort had. Mrs. Teacher is the sister of Mrs. Connell, who is Joint Master of the Meath with that popular person, Captain "Rags" Hornsby, who hunts hounds two days a week. Captain Jenkinson, who married the Hon. Barbara Harcourt, was over having a hunt with the Meath. Miss Dorothy Pearson is the famous English golfer, and the "dawg" is Lady Headfort's chow. Lady Mary and Lady Helen Ward are two of Lord and Lady Bangor's daughters. Lord Bangor is "Mr. Speaker" of the Senate of Northern Ireland. The Meath group was taken when hounds were at Kilmoon. Lady Delia Peel is Lord Spencer's eldest sister, and the wife of the Hon. Sidney Peel, who is a brother of Lord Peel. Mr. Fitzgerald is the Knight of Glin's heir; and Mr. T. K. Laidlaw, who is so famous in the Irish racing world, enjoys the distinction of having sold two Grand National winners, Gregalach and Grakle, and he is also well known afloat, as he owns the yacht "Pretty Polly" and is a member of The Squadron.

Photographs by Poole, Dublin



Yevonde

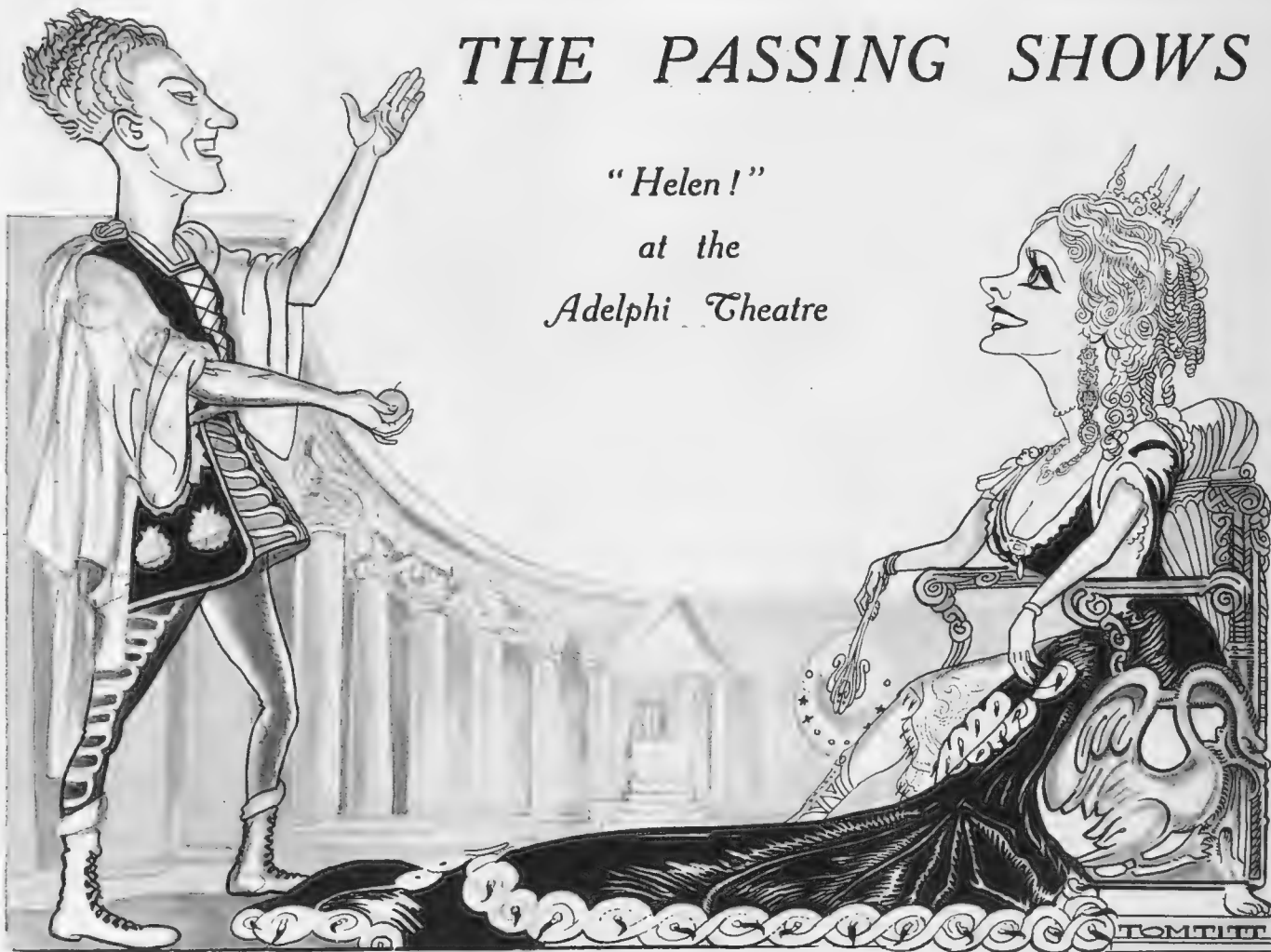
THE COUNTESS OF SEAFIELD

Nina Caroline Studley-Herbert, Countess of Seafield in her own right, also Viscountess of Reidhaven and Baroness Ogilvie of Deskford and Cullen, was born in 1906 and succeeded as twelfth holder of the title at the age of nine. Her wedding to Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert took place in 1930. Lady Seafield owns many broad acres in Scotland, but it was at her delightful small villa on the Riviera that she and her husband spent the greater part of the first year of their married life. For the moment they are living in London, to the immense satisfaction of their many friends.

THE PASSING SHOWS

"Helen!"

at the
Adelphi Theatre



THE ANSWER'S AN APPLE

Paris (Mr. Bruce Carfax), having awarded the apple of discord to Venus, is promised, and gets, the loveliest woman on earth—Helen of Sparta (Miss Evelyn Laye), the cause of the Græco-Trojan ten years' war



SUPERBLY PLUMED

Achilles (Mr. Roy Russell) showing no sign of that groggy heel which students of the classics will doubtless remember

TAKE Homer's Iliad; Mr. A. P. Herbert's wit and sense of burlesque; Mr. Max Reinhardt's powers of mass-production and crowd-control; M. Leonide Massine's skill in choreography; scenery and dresses which preserve a brilliant balance between stylised simplicity and baroque magnificence; add the light airs of the Jew who wrote the "Tales of Hoffman" and ninety operettas in twenty-five years, superimpose the hall-mark of Mr. Charles B. Cochran . . . and then you will have but the faintest idea of the feast in store for you at the Adelphi.

La Belle Hélène, by those perfectly assorted collaborators, Henri Meilhac and Ludovic Halévy, is now *Helen!* Offenbach's music has been "arranged" by Mr. E. W. Korngold, Mr. A. P. Herbert has freely adapted the libretto and lyrics and added a lively third act of his own. The original *opéra bouffe* ended with that bed-room scene wherein the luckless Menelaus, King of Sparta and Helen's husband, returned unexpectedly from exile to find Prince Paris of Troy usurping the royal couch.

Mr. Oliver Messel has designed a *décor* of such enchantment that whether you rate Offenbach's melodies as insipid or whether your theatrical appetite is unequal to a hotchpotch of Greek mythology, Russian ballet, musical comedy, light opera, topical burlesque and music-hall humour, to the Adelphi you must go—if only to acclaim Mr. Messel as a full-blown genius and to sate your eyes with beauty. To decide which of his bed-room scenes is the lovelier—the white one where Paris and Helen are discovered, with its tall rococo bed draped in sheeny satin, or the blue room of the third act, where the lovers, not so ardent after ten years of war, take their breakfast—requires another Judgment of Paris. Every scene is a vision splendid, from the moment when the white pillars, altar and paved approaches of Jupiter's Temple at Sparta, clear-cut against a blue sky, strike the consistent colour-note of the entire production. The Bacchanalian Orgy, a miracle of abandon, colour, movement and chorus-work, defies description; and Helen's white bed is a fit canopy for some saintly Venus riding the sea in a shell of mother-o'-pearl drawn by white doves and plump Cupids.



"AGGIE" IN FULL SONG

Or, in other words, as Mr. Robey would say, King Agamemnon (Mr. Leslie Jones) airing his views at the Conference to end Conferences



TOMTITI

WORKING THE ORACLE

Calchas, Chief Augur at Sparta (Mr. W. H. Berry), interprets Jupiter's decisions on a strictly commercial basis

the inmates of Olympus—a tiresome lot who never played fair—and the warring kings who preyed on Menelaus that the love story of Paris and Helen seems as fresh as paint and far more spicy and spectacular than a Hollywood scenario. Racy dialogue, topical allusions, and sly comparisons abound. To Mr. Herbert, Sparta is a prototype of the Dora-ridden, kill-joy England whom everybody borrows from and nobody pays. Calchas, the Chief Augur, is a charlatan who will prophesy anything for a votive offering more substantial than chrysanthemums, and arrange a war or a *liaison* for a gift of pearls and a peep at Helen in her bath. It is he, as Jupiter's mouthpiece, complete with "property" thunder, who banishes Menelaus to an island, so that Helen, who sighs for a new lover, may escape the vigilance of her flighty nephew, Orestes, and fall into the arms of Paris. The third act is a joyous *divertissement* before the walls of Troy. Venus flies down from the wings and removes Paris just when he is getting the worst of the single combat with Menelaus to end the war and decide the fate of Helen. The final tableau shows a forgiven and still triumphant Helen casting a glad eye at the captain of the galley which bears her home with her doubting and discomforted spouse.

Miss Evelyn Laye's Helen is classic beauty personified albeit without

There is a surprise even in the programme, which for once is almost worth sixpence; for here Mr. Herbert pithily tells the story of the play and polishes up our neglected or forgotten classical studies in a witty summary of those gods and mortals who took sides before the walls of Troy. The behaviour of Jupiter, who appeared to various ladies as a shower of gold, a bull, and, in the notorious Leda case, as a swan, A. P. H. describes as "a constant source of anxiety to the mothers of young girls—the ladies of those days had to think twice before they fed the goldfish or patted a horse." Leda "gave birth to two fine eggs, one of which hatched out into Helen of Sparta." As for Helen, "much might be forgiven to a girl who had such an unconventional origin." If only Mr. Herbert had been our form-master in Upper V. (a)!

The arrows of his wit are so shrewdly aimed at

the voluptuousness or the humour which must have constituted her chief menace. Miss Laye looks dazzlingly lovely, sings beautifully, and acts with a will and a warmth which she has never previously eclipsed. Miss Désirée Ellinger's Puckish Orestes and Mr. Hay Petrie's pert and lively Mercury are two small parts whose quality is in inverse proportion to their size. Yetta makes a lovely Venus; Mr. Bruce Carfax is a comely Paris and a pleasing tenor; Eve, that amazing contortionist, again distinguishes herself in a dance defying all the rules of anatomy; Mr. Roy Russell is a worthy Achilles; and Mr. Leslie Jones as Agamemnon dispels the slight of being addressed by Menelaus as "Aggie" by singing lustily through his beard.

For the groundlings as much as the intellectuals, the twin tit-bit of this delectable pot-pourri is the enrolment of Messrs. W. H. Berry and George Robey amid the flower of ancient Greece. Is this carrying a joke too far? Are these ripe and luscious comedians trespassers on such a hunting-ground of classic grace and modern wit? Certainly not! *Helen!* is a joke on the grand scale; had it not "come off" in a corresponding measure; had it been stodgy and out of date—had not Mr. Herbert refurbished the book with his own particular irony—



TOMTITI

"WELL, I MEANTER SAY . . ."

King Menelaus of Sparta (Mr. George Robey) goes protesting into exile, complete with punnet, cane, and carpet-bag

these two comedians might have floundered on and off like fish out of water. But their presence adds pungency and vigour to the neo-classic feast.

Mr. Berry rolls a fishy eye over Jove's altar and disports himself with immense gusto in the *reductio ad absurdum*. Mr. Robey, eyebrowed defiantly, armed with his familiar cane and a comic crown, which is soon exchanged for his little black hat (albeit garlanded with a white fillet), and invectively sibilant, is gloriously and unreservedly himself. No disguise, ancient or modern, could make him otherwise. Perceive him eating Helen's face-cream, uttering his old cry of "Assistance!" and doing that pirouette which makes Anno Domini look foolish. Mr. Robey, with his carpet-bag, commanding utterance and suggestive eye, has no alibis. May it never be otherwise. A most spell-binding evening. *Helen!* deserves its exclamation mark.

"TRINCULO."



A PUCK, AND AN ARIEL, OF THE PERIOD

Orestes (Miss Désirée Ellinger), a bad lad, and no wonder, for Aunt Helen sets a shocking example; and Mercury (Mr. Hay Petrie), the cynical messenger of the gods

AMATEUR CHEFS AT CAMPDEN HILL

Dance guests prove their merit in the kitchen



THE HON. EWEN AND MRS. MONTAGU



THE SUPPER INTERVAL: ALL HANDS TO THE FRYING-PAN



INCLUDING LADY HOPE HAWKINS, MRS. MINOPRIO, MISS CELIA HEYWORTH, MR. A. STODDART, MR. E. HAMPTON, MR. JOHN HAMPTON, AND MR. BILLIE WINKWORTH

Further guests at the Holly Lodge dance. Lady Hope Hawkins is the wife of Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins, the famous author, and Mrs. Minoprio is their only daughter. Lord Swaythling's brother, the Hon. Ewen Montagu (see top left), married Miss Iris Solomon. Lady Caroline Paget, the eldest of the five daughters of Lord and Lady Anglesey, came out last season and is being a tremendous social success. Lady Bridget Parsons is Lord Rosse's sister, and Lord Moore is Lord Drogheda's only son

Photographs by Arthur Owen

An amusing dance was organised recently by Mrs. Samuel Wilberforce and Mrs. Stephen Winkworth at Holly Lodge, one of the "country houses" of Campden Hill, the big idea of the evening being that guests should cook their own supper. In this group Mrs. Julian Phipps, Miss Esmé Toomey, Miss Stoop, Mrs. Henry Winkworth and Mr. Harold Van der Noot, amongst others, are preparing to deal with eggs and bacon, sausages and kippers. The results of these joint amateur culinary efforts were surprisingly good



LADY CAROLINE PAGET, LADY BRIDGET PARSONS (CENTRE) AND LORD MOORE



A Witch
with her
broom

and

PLAYER'S

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd

N.C.C. 42.



A LITTLE

By H. M.

A limited number of specially printed and mounted copies of the above picture can be obtained from the



SINFECTANT

BATEMAN

es of this paper at the price of 10s. 6d. each ; signed artist's proofs at 20s. each ; postage, 6d. extra



By Appointment to
H.R.H. The Prince of Wales

and finally

you will choose the ISIS

When you have looked long and dubiously at many costly cars, it will occur to you to study the Isis. And then you will find that the Isis, too, has that certain thoroughbred air—fine-lined coachbuilt body—all-important 4-speed twintop gearbox—beautifully balanced, noiseless engine—long and low-slung chassis. "Now, why



Buy British and be Proud of it.

on earth"—you will wonder—"was I thinking of having to pay something like four figures for my new car when this 1932 Isis has every necessary and practically every luxury that I was looking for—and at so moderate a cost?" And so you will choose an Isis—and cherish it—and grow to like it more and more every day.

MORRIS CARS ARE GUARANTEED FOR TWO YEARS.

Saloon (with Pytchley sliding head) £350. Sports Coupé (with Pytchley sliding head) £350

MORRIS FIT TRIPLEX GLASS THROUGHOUT.

MORRIS ISIS SIX

MORRIS MOTORS LTD., COWLEY, OXFORD

Service Advertising M.I.C.1a.

UNITED WE DANCE

The North and South Shropshire
Joint Hunt Ball at Shrewsbury



FROM WRENTNALL HOUSE

Captain and Mrs. Rex Holcroft's party.
Front row: Miss V. Wheatley, Lady Acton, Miss Crosse, Mrs. P. Curtiss, Mrs. Rex Holcroft and the Hon. Bronwen Scott-Ellis, Lord and Lady Howard de Walden's eldest daughter. Behind: Captain Rex Holcroft, Mr. Hollister, Mr. Algy Heber-Percy (Grenadier Guards), Mr. Long, Lord Acton and Mr. Corbet. Mr. Holcroft is the elder son of Sir George Holcroft, of Eaton Mascott Hall. Lady Acton was formerly the Hon. Daphne Strutt



BEHIND: MR. C. HEBER-PERCY, MR. H. M. D. HULTON-HARROP, M.F.H., MISS JOAN DAVIES-EVANS AND MR. A. HEBER-PERCY. IN FRONT: MISS CLAIRE WHITTAKER AND MISS MEYRICK (OF APSLEY CASTLE)



ADM. SIR CECIL AND LADY THURSBY

The North and South Shropshire Hunt Ball, at the Raven Hotel, Shrewsbury, drew a very large crowd, and no one enjoyed the evening more than Admiral Sir Cecil Thursby. He retired from the Senior Service in 1920, after being C.-in-C. Plymouth. Mr. Hulton-Harrop hunts his own pack of foxhounds in the South Shropshire hill country. His engagement to Miss Joan Davies-Evans, daughter of the Master of the Penylan, was recently announced. Miss Whittaker is a niece of Lord Forester, and Mr. A. E. W. Heber-Percy was, until lately, A.D.C. to the Governor-General of South Africa. The group on the right consists of personalities from the Cheshire country. Mr. Midwood is a son of the Master of the Cheshire, Mr. W. H. Midwood, who owns Shaun Goilin, the National winner of 1930

Photographs by Truman Howell



MRS. REISS, MAJOR J. ASTON, MR. R. BIBBY, MR. MIDWOOD, MRS. DENNIS AND MISS REISS

ONE FROM THE PROVINCES THE REST FROM THE QUORN



WITH THE "H.H." AT HACKWOOD HOUSE

In this group (l. to r.) are : Lord Basing, Mr. A. L. Duggan, Mr. George Evans (M.F.H. of the "H.H."), Lady Diana Gibb, the Marchioness of Curzon (the hostess), Lady Cantelupe, and Major and Mrs. Greville-Williams and Aubrey



WITH THE QUORN: MRS. J. D. PLAYER AND MISS SAMMUTT



LORD MANTON AND LADY HARRINGTON, M.F.H.,
WITH THE QUORN



ALSO MRS. CHARLIE WRIGHT
AND LADY HANSON



AND MRS. GEORGE PAYNTER AND THE
HON. FREDDIE CRIPPS.

The "H. H." group was taken the day they met at Lady Curzon's house, Hackwood, which is near Basingstoke, where Lord Basing also has a seat. Mr. George Evans is a most popular Master and a great upholder of fox-hunting tradition. This is his second Mastership, and dates from 1926. His first was from 1909 to 1915. Lady Diana Gibb, who is in the group, is a sister of Lord Lovelace. All the Quorn snaps were taken when they were at Hoby, and most of the people in them are "regulars"—excepting, of course, that Lord Manton is a deserter from his own country, Warwickshire, and Lady Harrington has her own pack, which hunts a bit of the South Notts country. Lady Hanson is the wife of Sir Gerald Hanson, whose seat is Eye Kettleby Hall, Melton; and Mrs. George Paynter and the Hon. Freddie Cripps are about as well known in Leicestershire as The Coplow



MISS CLARKE AND TWO OF HER INTELLIGENT FRIENDS



SUSIE TAKES UP PHOTOGRAPHY

Anyone doubting the intelligence of monkeys, should meet the two Capuchines and the two rare Humbert Woollies who make their home with Miss Clarke, F.Z.S., the much-travelled Editor of a cinema paper, and are brought up on nursery lines



BIMBO FINDS A WARM CORNER

The day's routine for Miss Clarke's furry friends is as follows:—They are called at seven and have their baths; then comes breakfast—and if the porridge is burnt, woe betide the cook! After an hour's exercise, they go back to their cage to rest till lunch time. The afternoon is given up to games, with a break for tea, and when their mistress returns (an eagerly looked-forward-to event), they are played with, fed again, and so to bed. It would be difficult to find a more engaging quartette, and no wonder Miss Miss Clarke thinks the world of these small people



Photographs by Sasha, Suffolk Street



SARI MARITZA IN "MONTE CARLO MADNESS"

This is an Eric Pommer "Super" film and has to do with a queen who masquerades as something else and manages to persuade one of her own admirals not to blow Monte Carlo into match-sticks. The story is full of "film"

A PHYSICIAN on a liner made a great use of sea-water among his patients. Whatever their trouble, a dose of the briny liquid was given them. One day the doctor fell overboard, and a great bustle consequently ensued on board, in the midst of which the captain came up and inquired the cause.

"Oh, it's nothing much, Sir," answered one of the crew. "Only the doctor has fallen into his medicine chest."

* * *

The film director wanted someone to play a Scotland Yard detective, and the casting director sent along a possible man. After a very brief interview the director sent the actor back with a note, which read: "This man won't do. He hasn't a trace of a Scottish accent!"

* * *

"We've had a lovely time playing postman," exclaimed the youngest of the family. "We gave a letter to every lady in the street."

"But where did you get the letters, dear?" asked Mother.

"Oh, we found them in your trunk in the attic, all tied up with pretty ribbon."

* * *

Smith was weary of complaints about his snoring, so at last he decided to consult a doctor about it.

The doctor looked him over. "Does your snoring disturb your wife?" he asked.

Smith looked surprised. "Disturb my wife?" he echoed. "Why, it disturbs the whole congregation!"

* * *

Jones had already taken three putts and was studying a four-footer when a friend who was passing called over: "Hullo, Jones, how are you getting on?"

"Hush," replied Jones's partner, "don't worry him. He's in the middle of a break!"

Bubble and Squeak

An elderly man entered a London bar, ordered a whisky-and-soda, and was about to drink it, when he looked up and noticed a painter at work upon the walls. Immediately the customer went out without touching his drink.

The painter immediately climbed down his ladder and lifted the customer's glass.

"Hi!" said the barman, "you can't do that. That chap will be back in a minute, I expect."

"Oh, no 'e won't," said the painter. "You see, 'e's the president of our local temperance society—and I'm the secketary."

* * *

"What's nice to-day?" asked the diner.

"Mushrooms are very good," said the waiter. "Would—"

"No!" snapped the diner, "I won't have any mushrooms. I was nearly poisoned by them last week."

The waiter leaned confidently across the table. "Now, is that so, Sir?" he said blandly. "Then I've won my bet with the chef. I said they were toadstools."



JACK HULBERT AT LAND'S END

A picture of a celebrity who has proved as big success on the films—as witness "Sunshine Susie"—as he has on the stage. Jack Hulbert's unquenchable good humour is a terrific asset and will carry him anywhere and everywhere.

"Is this really the train for Dorking?" asked the fussy old lady.

"Well, mum," said the porter, "the board of directors, the station-master, the signalman, the driver, the guard, and myself all think so. I can't say no fairer than that, can I?"



JANET CURRIE—THE FILM STAR

The beautiful Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, riding rather a stilty sort of steed. Janet Currie is in some of the latest M.G.M. pictures, and, as will be observed, is not the least good-looking of their numerous coadjutors

Wherever you are . .
wherever you go . .

there is one source of Beauty you can depend upon



* Whether you have followed the sun on a southern cruise, or are awaiting the coming of Spring at home, one thing is certain . . . you want to be lovely. And loveliness now, more than at any other time, requires the intervention of Elizabeth Arden.

* There are two ways to acquire beauty. You can go to Elizabeth Arden. Or Elizabeth Arden can come to you.

In Miss Arden's Salons you may experience the ineffable thrill of an Elizabeth Arden treatment. Cool, deft fingers soothe each weary nerve, brace each muscle, banish the tiny wrinkles, apply the creams and lotions that your skin requires, and perform the final miracle of a lovely make-up to co-ordinate your face with your costume. It is difficult to conceive of a more profitable way of spending an hour.

In Miss Arden's Preparations you will find the answer to every problem your skin presents. These preparations are Elizabeth Arden's personal representatives. Created by her personally, blended in her own laboratories, Miss Arden's creams, lotions and make-up accessories can be applied at home with sure results, if her instructions are faithfully followed

* In February these preparations will promote loveliness.

Wherever you are . . .

VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM . . . Melts into the pores, rids them of dust and impurities, leaves skin soft and receptive. 4/6, 8/6, 12/6

VENETIAN ARDEN SKIN TONIC . . . Tones firms and whitens the skin and keeps the tissues healthy. Use with and after Cleansing Cream. 3/6, 8/6, 15/6

ARDEN VELVA CREAM . . . Nourishes the cells and keeps the skin smooth without fattening it. 4/6, 8/6, 12/6

VENETIAN ORANGE SKIN FOOD . . . Rounds out wrinkles and hollows and keeps the skin soft and firm. 4/6, 7/6, 12/6, 18/6

HAND CREAM . . . Prevents chapping, whitens and softens the hands. 4/6

VELVA BATH . . . A cream soap that comes in a big, plump tube. Use it on the body, and always for washing the hands, to keep the skin smooth and satiny. 6/6

CREAM ULTRA-AMORETTA . . . Since the skin is usually quite dry at this time of the year, this combination of Amoretta Cream and a delicate oil is the perfect foundation for powder. White, Special Rachel, Bronze. 4/6

PROTECTA CREAM . . . Whether you are South, North, or at home, your skin is subject to severe temperature changes. To protect it from the salt-air and sun, if you are cruising South; and from cold rain and wind, if you are at home . . . use Protecta Cream faithfully. It gives the skin a superb finish that is waterproof. Four shades. 12/6

ELIZABETH ARDEN
LONDON: 25 OLD BOND STREET W1
PARIS
(Copyright Reserved)

BERLIN

325

ELIZABETH ARDEN LIMITED
691 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK
ROME

Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

THE Disarmament Conference being in fuller blast than ever, it has occurred to some humourist to tell us all about the very latest developments of the torpedo and the radio-controlled fire-ship—the latter carrying a 6-cwt. charge of T.N.T. and having a speed of nearly 50 knots. Both these improved weapons, so their inventors assure us, are guaranteed to find their targets, even if the latter are as hard to hit as snipe or driven grouse. It would be impious, naturally, to throw any bouquets at these distinguished inventors who have arrived at a means of making the projectile follow the target, because, in spite of anything that may be happening some distance East of Suez, there is no longer such a thing as War. At any rate, that is the current gossip in Geneva. It occurs to me, however, that, in these circumstances, these ingenious torpedo and fire-ship specialists might apply their talents most usefully in the direction of the avocations of peace. Why not invent a bullet that is bound to make even a third-class shot a King's Prize winner at Bisley? Why not a bat that gets everything smack in the centre of the wood, and makes every village-greener a Don Bradman *malgré soi*? Why not a radio-controlled polo stick which will help us to get that Cup back from the Yanks; a tennis racquet, a golf-club—I almost wrote "stick"—a billiard cue (which might be called "The Lindrum"), boxing-gloves which would stop even a Primo before he had time to turn nasty—in fact, all sorts of things which would fit in very well with the modern labour-saving ideas?

It might even be possible to invent a saddle (radio-controlled, naturally) which would follow the rider and take the horse with it. How useful this would be to many students of the art of How to Sit at the Jumps! If they can invent a torpedo and a fire-ship which will chase their target, surely little things like some of those which have been mentioned would be as easy as falling off a log? Why not a gun that will follow the bird, and a fly that will chase the salmon and the trout? Of course, where this new fire-ship is concerned, the idea, like everything else, is not new. Drake thought of it as a k.o. for Sidonia—the date it will be a useful mental discipline for you to look up for yourselves. The torpedo which can go round corners is, however, quite new, and a most useful idea if it can be applied to other things, a gangster "gun" for instance! What a boon to the American Beer Baron! He would be able to loose off in 49th Street and bag his bird, or "plug-ugly," in 449th Street, and the Cops could not have anything "on" him. The possibilities in this seem to me to be limitless.

Sir Walter Gilbey, the President of the Hunters' Improvement and National Light Horse Breeding Society, has just issued a



Pooler, Dublin

LORD AND LADY BELLEW AT JENKINSTOWN

In his time, Lord Bellew was one of the most popular officers that ever was in the 10th Hussars, and he was a great personality. He is one of the few living survivors of "Bobs Bahadur's" famous Kandahar show, and after that Lord Bellew saw service in South Africa and in the Great War. Lady Bellew is the daughter of the late Mr. John Leach, of Simonstown, South Africa

special appeal to hunting ladies in connection with support for this Society. As Sir Walter Gilbey very rightly observes, the prominence of ladies out hunting is equal to that of the men. He feels sure they must appreciate the successful endeavours the Society has made in promoting the breeding of higher-class horses and providing the means of keeping them at a moderate price. The President writes:

The ladies have already taken a prominent and useful part in the country's affairs, to its advantage; they now have an opportunity of adding to this good work by becoming members. The Society cannot be carried on successfully unless our membership is increased, as the Government grant has been necessarily so greatly reduced. I am proud to say that many ladies have already joined, but it is essential that their numbers should be augmented. The subscription is only a guinea a year, and when this small amount is considered in connection with the cost of hunting, I feel convinced that the ladies will favourably respond to my appeal. By doing so, not only will they be assisting in a national cause, but they will also be benefiting themselves. Speaking as an individual, the day, I hope, may not be far distant when ladies will be represented on the Council of this Society.

All other considerations apart, support of the Hunters' Improvement Society means giving a helping hand to the farmers, so many of whom nowadays find hunter-breeding one of the most profitable lines they can pursue. Of Yorkshire and Norfolk I can speak personally, but, of course, this is so in many other counties. The Irish hunter-breeder has nothing "on" our own farmer breeder, and everything possible should be done by anyone who can to help our own people in England.

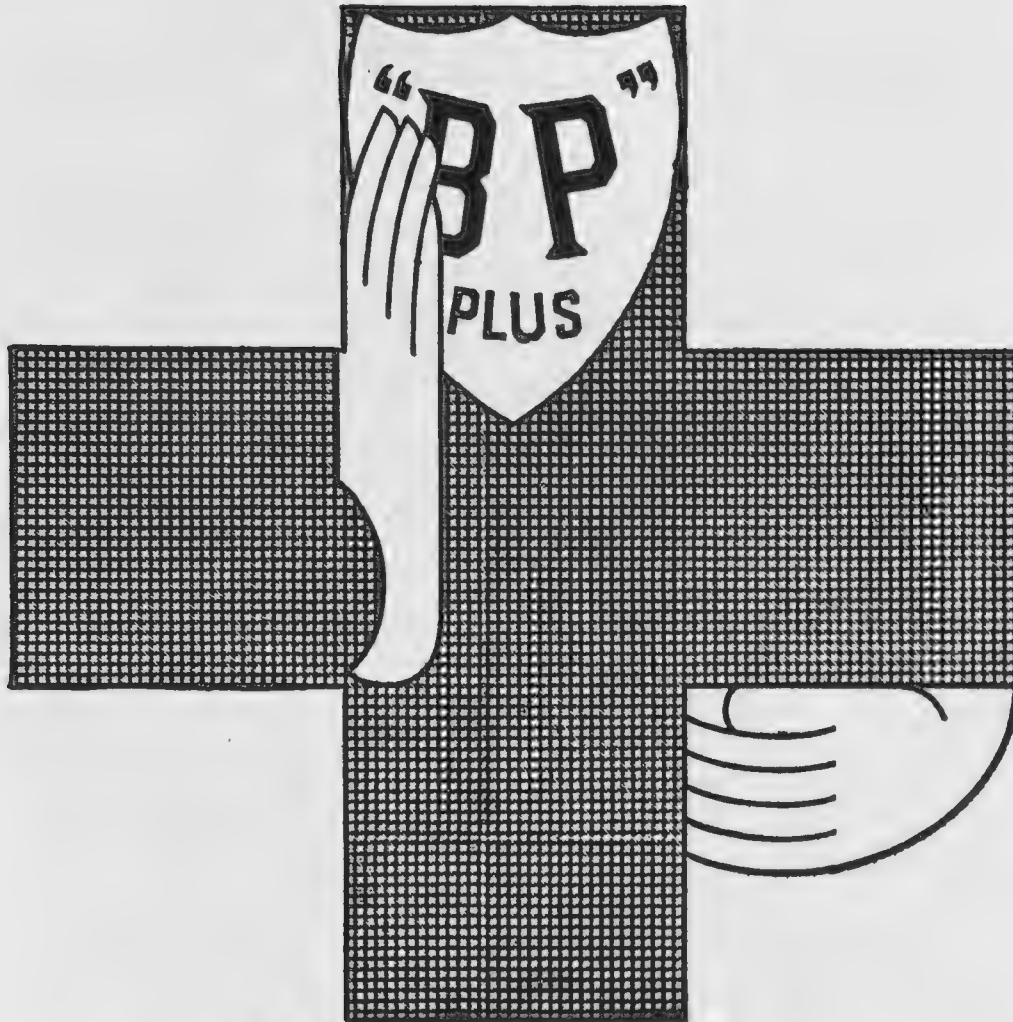
(Continued on p. x)



Swaebe

IN THE ROW: MISS ELIZABETH LEVESON-GOWER AND LADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN

A snapshot taken just after the order to dismount had been given, after the morning's ride in London's famous training-ground. Lady Iris Mountbatten is the Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke's only child. Elizabeth Leveson-Gower is heiress-presumptive to the Barony of Strathmore and Earldom of Sutherland, and is a daughter of the late Lord Alistair Leveson-Gower



"YESSIR

BP PLUS"

Plus what?

**Plus a little something
some others haven't got**

BP Plus has an addition to the petrol which greatly increases the efficiency of any engine.

A Rugby Letter : By "HARLEQUIN"

IN these lean days of English Rugby we have to be thankful for small mercies, and so the victory over Ireland was very welcome. It does not become us to enquire into the whys or the wherefores, or to speculate whether the better side won, or whether ours was really the strongest fifteen we could have put in the field. The side won, and we



ENGLAND (11) BEAT IRELAND (8)

The English team which beat Ireland, thanks to D. W. Burland, who did all the scoring, was: R. J. Barr (Leicester), C. C. Tanner (Gloucester), D. W. Burland (Bristol), R. A. Gerrard (Bath), C. D. Aarvold (Blackheath) (Captain); W. Elliott (United Services), B. C. Gadney (Leicester), N. L. Evans (United Services), R. S. Roberts (Coventry), G. C. Gregory (Bristol), T. Harris (Northampton), R. G. S. Hobbs (The Army and Richmond), C. Webb (Devonport Services), J. McD. Hodgson (Northern), A. Vaughan-Jones (the Army and United Services). The football was not, admittedly, first-class, and it was a penalty-goal win, which is always a bit unsatisfactory

can't ask any more of them than that. The one point left for us to worry about is our game with Scotland, always the most important of the whole series to both countries. That is why we shall rather anxiously await the result of next Saturday's match at Murrayfield, where Ireland are the visitors. We ought to get something of a line through that game, though, as a matter of fact, England v. Scotland is always a law unto itself. One rather expects Scotland to win, possibly by no great margin, since all countries alike seem to find scoring difficult this season.

The truth is, probably, that England, Scotland, and Ireland are all well below even the moderate standard that obtains nowadays, whilst Wales, undoubtedly the strongest side of the four, are rather above that standard, but not very much. For this Welsh side, despite its superiority, is not a great one by comparison with some of the famous teams of the past. If it were, it would score a lot more tries, and would do far less kicking. Gwyn Nicholls and Co. would never have listened to the voice of Osler, or allowed their men to imitate that confession of weakness which is dignified by the name of tactics.

One of the few outstanding successes of the England v. Ireland match was S. L. Waide, the wing three-quarter, who is possessed of pace, dash, and knowledge of the game. He did several brilliant things, and scored Ireland's only try. He was given a run in the Oxford side in November, and made it perfectly clear that he was a wing of more than ordinary ability. Yet, in spite of the fact that the two Oxford wings were strictly mediocre players, he did not play against Cambridge. Perhaps he will be more lucky next season, but you never know!

Next Saturday there is another English trial at Twickenham, in place of the one which had to be omitted because of the Springboks' presence in England. Its utility may seem rather a doubtful quantity at this period of the season, but the main object in playing it is concerned with next year rather than this. It would be stupid to expect many alterations in the England fifteen against Scotland, whatever may happen in this match, but some valuable information may be forthcoming for the future.

Only two changes have been made in the team that beat Ireland. R. S. Roberts as a hooker was not the success anticipated, and so G. G. Gregory is to take over his job, and W. E. Pratten, who played against Scotland five years ago, is to come in on the flank. Pratten has been playing very well lately, and there has never been any doubt about Gregory's ability since he first got into the side. Latterly he has developed a certain quality of dash—or devil, if you like—which has enhanced his value. W. H. Sobey is to have another chance, vice B. C. Gadney, who will operate for the Rest. S. A. Block, at full back for the Rest, is a most attractive choice, and he will be watched with great interest. So will the two Durham three-quarters, Mercer and Harrison; whilst G. C. Falla, of the Navy, will be all out for the cap which, but for injury, he might have had before now.

There are lots of complaints to-day about the attendance at club matches, which are certainly not as strongly supported as they once were. Various reasons are alleged for this, but the only one that counts is the fact that even the best clubs are playing poor and unattractive Rugby. Let it be granted that our game is essentially one for the player rather than the spectator; there is no doubt about that; but clubs must not grumble about the absence of spectators if the fare provided for them is of such poor quality. If Blackheath and the Harlequins, Richmond and the Scottish, will only play good enough football they will soon get their crowds back.



THE IRISH INTERNATIONAL TEAM

The names in the picture are: D. P. Morris (Bective Rangers), S. L. Waide (the Army), E. W. F. de V. Hunt (the Army), P. F. Murray (Wanderers), E. J. Lightfoot (Lansdowne), E. O'D. Davy (Lansdowne), D. M. Sheehan (London Irish and Young Munsters), G. R. Beamish (Royal Air Force), T. Casey (Young Munsters), J. L. Farrel (Bective Rangers), N. Murphy (Cork Constitution), V. J. Pike (Lansdowne), W. McC. Ross (Queen's University), M. J. Dunne (Lansdowne), J. L. Siggins (Belfast Collegians). As has been said above, it was not a classic exhibition of Rugger, and the critics were rather unanimous on this point. Ireland came with a regular "Sam Chifney" rush at the finish

How to choose a cigarette

Nowadays smokers choose their cigarettes according to the conditions under which they are to be smoked.

For lingering enjoyment, when time is of little account, the hand-made De Reszke *Americans* are favoured.

20 for 1/6

✱

For less "special" occasions the choice falls on the standard De Reszke *Virginias*.

20 for 1/-

✱

And for every moment of the working day there are the new D.R. *Minors* at 10 for 4d.—a beautifully made cigarette of precisely the same choice Virginia leaf as its bigger brothers.

20 for 8d.



DE RESZKE
— of course!

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. ASTON

The Rally.

THE R.A.C. must be congratulated upon the fine entry they have received for the Torquay Rally, which is to occupy the first week in March or the better part of it. Although perhaps not so ambitious in some directions as it might be, this event promises to be quite the best thing of its kind—and there is no doubt at all that it is being taken very seriously in many quarters. Rightly so, too, for a better form of reliability test could hardly be imagined. T'other day a lady read about it in the morning paper—which quite by chance had given a small par to the subject—and she observed to me that she thought reliability trials for motor-cars had gone out of fashion years and years ago. So why were they holding this one? An awkward question to answer except on the basis that to average 25 m.p.h. over 1,000 miles, including all stops, is rather a different thing from averaging 19·9 m.p.h. for a few miles a day. And the worst of it was that her esteemed brother happens to be an M.P. and (what is rare nowadays), a motorphobe of the most virulent type, so that I felt sure that if I were not very careful about my p's and q's some idiotic question would be asked in the House. As I had already suggested, the R.A.C. has been the target of some little adverse criticism, their chief fault being that they cannot arrange matters so that everybody will get the first prize. For example, they are attacked because they have allowed the participation of cars with fluid fly-wheels. But why not? This is an advancement in design which it is obviously desirable to encourage, and it is absurd to suggest that it gives anyone an "unfair advantage" in the flexibility test at Torquay, even though it may permit a top gear speed of one millimetre per year being recorded. Supposing it does that, well all the better for the officials, who will have a very jolly place to stay at for the rest of their lives, with the off chance of leaving their jobs to their next-of-kin. One might just as well claim that in racing a 12-cylinder engine should be barred, because it is obviously so much better than a four. The view I take is that the rally essentially must be in the nature of a scheme for putting a premium on advancement in design. Maybe we do not want to do an incredibly low speed on top, but we do most certainly want cars of the maximum facility of control. Hard-hearted doctors refused me permission to take part in this rally, so I must be content with playing the rôle of spectator. I may as well say at once that my chief interest is in the behaviour of various teams. Of these there is a formidable contingent of Humbers and Hillmans from Devonshire House (the redoubtable W. E. Rootes returning, after a long absence, to the competitive wheel), whilst of Armstrong-Siddeleys there will be no less than nine, of various models and body types, all starting off from various points, with the fixed intention—which I have no doubt will be carried out—of forming an impressive little procession at Torquay. On one of these cars my esteemed colleague, the Hon. Leo Russell of THE TATLER, is to figure prominently. Of course, all the Armstrong-Siddeleys are of the self-changing gear type, and three of them will have the fluid fly-wheel, too. Already this famous make has done splendidly in the Monte Carlo Rally, and also in the Alpine trial, so that it can be counted upon to give a good account of itself. For my own part I can only say that to be once a self-change gear enthusiast is to be always a self-change gear enthusiast, so that I very well know what I should drive if I only had



AT BIRMINGHAM 'CHASES LAST WEEK

Mrs. Hoare, Mrs. Travers Aldridge, and Miss Diana Puckle in the members' enclosure the day Grakle put up his best public gallop this season. Mr. Travers Aldridge is well known in the hunting and polo worlds

the chance. But there! Let us see. At least we have this earnest, that under R.A.C. organization the best car will win.

* * *

Snappy Tit.

I had long looked forward to having a road trial of the 10-h.p. Crossley, the acquaintance of which I made at Olympia. For I liked the look of it very much. It wore a good, solid, robust, practical mien, as much as to say, "I have been put through the ordeal of hard Lancashire drivers and bumpy Lancashire roads, and I am ready to defy any of you South-rons." And it might very well have said this in actuality, since it deserves all the epithets I have named. Imprimis, it has a healthy frame, which far too many smallish fast cars have not; secondly, it is lusty and lively, and will stand any amount of "caning"; and thirdly, though not finally, it is, considering its modest wheel-base, quite exceptionally comfortable. It is a real four-seater with accommodation for the appropriate number of adults, however well they have lunched. It almost goes without saying that if you want the best out of a car of this nature, you must not forget that there is such a thing as the gear-lever. But the use of this involves no hardship, for the change, either up or down, is as easy as easy could be, and, *sans blague*, silent third is really silent—by which I mean that you hear no gear noise. There has always been the question as to whether the better results are obtained by people who have always been big-car makers coming down in their scale, or small-car makers ascending in theirs. The Crossley 10 would incline me to a belief in the former

(Continued on p. xii)

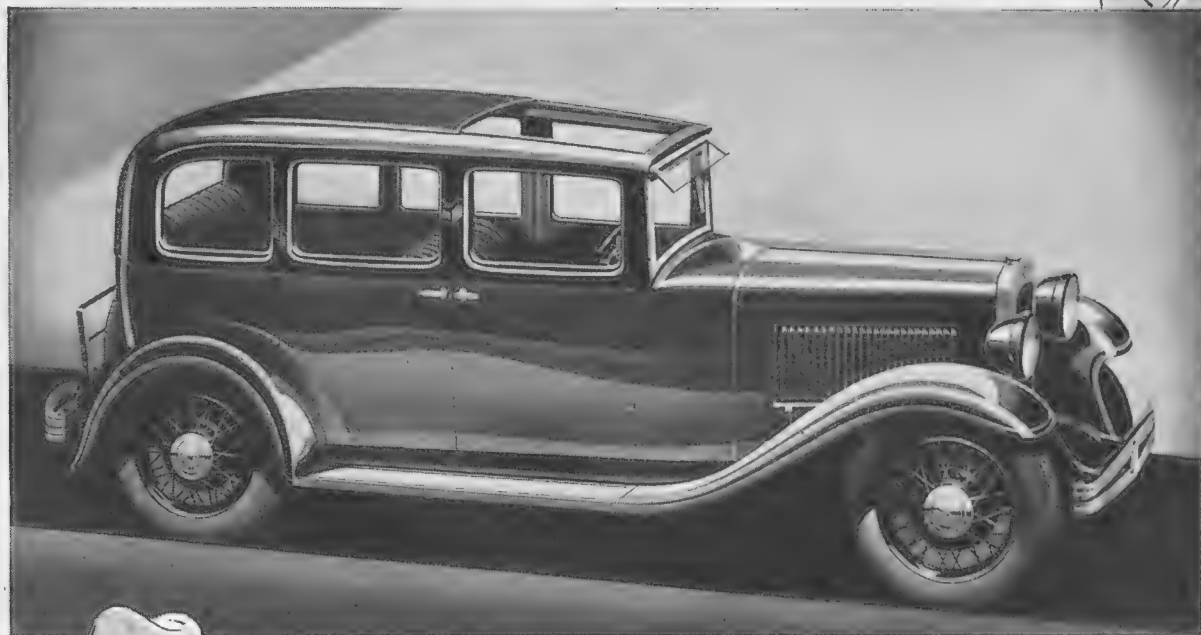


MR. "BROSE" CLARKE AND THE HON. MRS. AUBREY HASTINGS ALSO AT BIRMINGHAM

The Hon. Mrs. Aubrey Hastings is the widow of the late Aubrey Hastings, whose death was such a bad blow to so many of us. Mr. Ambrose Clarke is one of Leicestershire's always most welcome hunting visitors from America

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

A S . D E P E N D A B L E . A S . A N . A U S T I N



THE SIXTEEN BURNHAM DE LUXE SALOON

1 in 4 "Believe me, if you want a medium-sized 'six,' you couldn't do better than choose the Sixteen Burnham. Its popularity is one of the reasons why every **FOURTH** new car registered in Great Britain during the last trading year ending July 31, 1931, was an Austin!"



"Over 110,000 miles—and never a minute's trouble on the road!"

*The Sixteen Burnham
De Luxe Saloon
(as illustrated)*

£325

Chromium finish, Triplex glass throughout and Dunlop tyres standard. The Sixteen Range includes: Burnham Drop-head De Luxe Saloon £325; Westminster De Luxe Saloon £350 (Twin-Top gearbox on De Luxe models £10 extra). New Windsor Saloon £298; Tourer or Two-Seater £290.

PRICES AT WORKS.

READ THE AUSTIN
MAGAZINE: 4d. every month

*Owner Report No. 347:
Austin Sixteen.
Car No. 5TF 2830-6.

You may not cover more mileage than this owner, or even as much, but it will certainly cost you more—*unless you are an Austin owner.* For what car stands up with as little attention to continual service day after day, year after year . . . what car has such outstanding dependability?

Learn the true measure of Austin dependability (and therefore economy) from this typical unsolicited report:

"My Sixteen Burnham Saloon has now run over 110,000 miles on the roughest roads in Scotland and England, and has

never given a minute's trouble on the road since I bought it. I have previously had almost every kind of car, but the Austin Burnham beats everything for dependability and comfort."

The latest Sixteen Burnham De Luxe Saloon, with its smooth six-cylinder engine, its four-speed gearbox and exceptionally luxurious interior, has been made still more attractive by the inclusion of a sunshine roof, Magna wheels and bumpers front and rear. Yet its price is now only £325—or £335 with a Twin-Top gearbox.

**This is an Austin owner's experience. No specially made tests are published in this series of reports.*

AUSTIN



The Austin Motor Company Limited, Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven: 479-483 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W.11.

THE MAN FROM CINCINNATI

By HOLLOWAY HORN

THE setting was perfect. In the foreground the branches of a cedar tree swept the velvet lawn; behind it, mellowed by the centuries, stood the Elizabethan mansion which had sheltered the Balcombes for generations. The eleventh baronet slept peacefully in a swing-chair in the cool shadow of the tree, the whiteness of his hair emphasized by the dark cedar. Suddenly he stirred in his sleep, and opened his eyes with the consciousness that he was not alone. Blinking, and a little irritable, he sat upright and saw that a stranger was standing a few yards away from him, gravely contemplating the house.

Neither spoke for perhaps half a minute, till the stranger, observing that Sir John was awake, said, "I trust I did not disturb you, sir?"

"Not at all," said the baronet, who prided himself on his courtesy.

"As a matter of fact I only noticed you, Sir John, a moment or so ago," the other went on affably. "I am an American, by the way—John Saunders, of Cincinnati."

"Indeed!" Sir John replied, and sat upright.

"And I'm afraid I'm trespassing in your park," the American went on with a smile. "But I'm interested in Balcombe. Years ago my ancestors came from this part of England."

"Saunders? The name is still about here," Sir John said. He was now wide-awake, and watching the stranger curiously. He had a vague feeling that he had seen him before.

"I was on my way to the hall to ask permission to look over it," the American volunteered. He was entirely at his ease.

"Wednesday is usually the day," the baronet pointed out. "But I shall be happy to let you look round, seeing that you have come so far."

"Old mansions are fascinating, particularly to one from my part of the world where most things are new, Sir John."

"You know my name?"

"Of course."

"You might as well sit down," said Sir John in a friendlier tone. The stranger had a pleasing manner and was quite unlike his idea of an American. His accent did not jar—indeed it was rather attractive—and he seemed to be deeply interested in the old house.

"You were saying your ancestors lived in Balcombe?" Sir John asked.

"Yes. There's a gravestone in the churchyard I reckon to be that of my great-grandfather—Ephraim Saunders—of this parish."

"The vicar's a good fellow. He has all the parish records and I'm sure he'd turn them up for you," the baronet suggested.

"Thank you," the American smiled. "If I have time I will call on him."

"Personally I haven't a great deal of use for the cloth," Sir John said confidentially. "I'm a materialist, I'm afraid. But they are part of the tradition down here."

"You surprise me, sir. I confess I've always associated the English landed gentry with the Church."

"Even so—the trend of modern thought, I'm afraid, is to make one more critical than of old."

"Quite."

"But I'm keeping you talking and you want to look at the hall. Come along! I'll take you round myself. Jevons, the butler, usually gets it all mixed up, anyway."

"That's uncommonly good of you, sir. I shall be very much obliged."

Half-way up the broad staircase Sir John touched a secret panel and revealed with dramatic suddenness a long, narrow corridor ending in darkness.

"Good gracious!" said the American.

"The haunted room!" laughed Sir John. "Shall we go down to it?"

"Sure!" Saunders replied. "I'll always try anything once."

The corridor led to an oak door, black with age, which opened into a small, square, unfurnished room, conveying an immediate impression of eeriness.

"That's all there is to it," Sir John pointed out. "Legends galore, of course. Skeletons and what not, and clanking chains

in the small hours. I'm always comfortably asleep by that time, however, and, personally, I don't believe a word of it."

"If this room could speak——" the American said in a quiet voice as if he had not heard what his host had said. "It's a strange thing, Sir John, but in my country, thousands of miles away from here, I'm almost certain that I've heard from my own father one of the legends of this very room."

"Is that so?" The baronet was obviously surprised.

"Some distant ancestor of mine had a daughter, and she is supposed to have been held prisoner in a secret room in this house."

"By one of my ruffianly ancestors?" Sir John asked with a frankly incredulous smile. "Do you mean that you—a modern American from Cincinnati—claim a share in my ghost?"

Saunders smiled. "You evidently don't attach any importance to the legend at all, Sir John?"

"Not a ha'porth! This room is rather stuffy, don't you think? Come, I'll show you some of the pictures. There are legends clustering around some of them, of course."

By the time Sir John Balcombe and the citizen of Cincinnati emerged from the impressive dimness of the Elizabethan half of the house into the garish sunlight of the lawn, there was an understanding between them. Sir John liked the American. There was a freshness about him, a naïveté. He appeared to be far more impressed with the legends of the hall than was its owner.

"It's one of the loveliest places I've seen, Sir John," he said enthusiastically.

"You'd like to take it to America? I've read that it's sometimes done," his host said with a laugh.

The American shook his head. "You can't move a home, Sir John. It doesn't consist merely of bricks and mortar. Besides, what would your ghost do? I really cannot imagine an English one happy in, say, Cincinnati!"

"Our ghost!" Sir John corrected him. "But as a matter of fact, if one attaches any importance to the legends, there are many ghosts at Balcombe."

"Oh? I'm terribly interested—I'm afraid you're not?"

"Frankly, I'm not. I'm a materialist, as I told you. I don't think there's a word of truth in any of the stories. Curiously enough, my wife does. I'm sorry she's not in; I'm sure she would have told you about them and, moreover, enjoyed doing so. One of the stories, even more absurd than the others, is to the effect that a certain ghost appears to the head of the house before he dies. It is like a thousand other legends in a thousand similar places, but our specimen has one peculiarity: The ghost never appears in the same guise twice. And, always, it is what one might call a contemporary ghost. As I told you, I think the whole story is so much moonshine."

"It is a pity you are a materialist; these legends are simply wasted on you!"

Sir John smiled indulgently. The American was really a pleasant fellow. He appeared to have the credulous innocence of a child and to be unlike everything Sir John had ever read of his race.

"It's a pity my wife isn't here," Sir John said again. "She knows the whole story. Once, I remember, the ghost was a postillion—that would be before the railways, of course. And another time it took the form of a white-haired lawyer. That was in my grandfather's days. The old gentleman—my grandfather, I mean, not the lawyer—told them on his death-bed that the lawyer had been with him all the afternoon. What had happened, of course, was that my grandfather had dreamed about the lawyer. But it was enough for the credulous people to seize on it and say: 'There you are! The ghost!' And that night he died. It is obvious, of course, that he would have died, anyway."

"No one else saw the lawyer?" the American asked.

"No. But if people want to believe in a ghost a detail like that doesn't stop them."

"It's hardly fair on the ghost for you to tell his story," the American said, with a smile. "You don't give him a chance, Sir John. You could have made the story sound far more convincing."

(Continued on p. xii)

All for Beauty



Keep Your Skin Flawless Throughout the Winter

Cold months work havoc on an untended face. But Harriet Hubbard Ayer has produced three perfect creams to soften and nourish and protect your skin all through the trying days of fog and wind and frost.

LUXURIA cleanses more gently and far more thoroughly than mere soap and water. Its silky softness floats out those invisible flakes of dust and grime that clog and cloud the clearness of your skin. Its delicate oils smooth away all roughness and redness.

PRICE 2/3, 4/-, 8/6, 11/9

SKIN AND TISSUE BUILDER is a massage cream closely resembling the natural fat of the body. It melts into the skin at a touch, bringing new tone and vigour to drooping muscles. The hungry tissues eagerly absorb its rich and balanced nourishment.

PRICE 4/-, 7/6, 18/9, 30/-

BEAUTIFYING FACE CREAM gives your skin a flawless texture and a radiant clearness. The lightest film of it is the perfect base for powder, making your face look as fresh and fine-grained as a flower.

PRICE 4/-, 7/6, 18/9, 30/-

What make-up should you use?

What is the best treatment for your skin?

Call at the Harriet Hubbard Ayer Salons, 130 Regent Street, London, W.1, and get expert advice. Or write there for a free booklet, "All for Beauty," which tells you how to improve your looks in your own home. Harriet Hubbard Ayer preparations are obtainable from all good Department Stores, Hairdressers and Chemists.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER

LIMITED

BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

NEW YORK

LONDON

PARIS



Good-humoured ladies : Miss Huleatt, the ex-chairman of the L.G.U., Mrs. John Duncan, a former Welsh champion, and Miss Platts, holder of the Yorkshire Handicap Challenge Bowl

EVE at GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME

WE truly are rather an amazing nation. All sorts of fearful things may be happening in India—assassinations and revolutions and what not—but one's friends and relations who come back from there seem a good deal more serene than those who have just had a disagreement with their cook or a punctured tyre over here. The other day I received a bundle of cuttings from a responsible paper published in Calcutta, and as I opened it the first words which caught my eye were "Sensational upsets at Bombay." Ah, thought I, it will be interesting to see what the folk on the spot have to say about these troublous times. But the sensational upsets were nothing worse than the defeat of a favourite or two in the races at Mahalaxmi. Quickfire had been the chief offender it seemed, but there was nothing militant about the proceeding beyond the horse's name.

So it is not surprising to hear that the All-India Women's Golf Championship at Calcutta has had a record entry in 1932, no fewer than eighty-eight players entering for the Open Meeting, which runs concurrently with the championship, and thirty-two for the big event itself. It lacked the excitement of having the holder, for Mrs. Duncan, who had won both in 1930 and 1931, is back in this country just now. But another Scottie, Miss Kathleen Macdonald, carried on the good work, and Miss Vyvyan Lamb from Glasgow was a last-eightier, so that Mrs. Duncan may well feel Scotland will not be forgotten till she gets back again. The runner-up was a visitor, too, Miss Carrick, who just lost the final of the Sussex Championship to Mrs. de Winton last Spring, and can hit the ball as far as anybody needs to do.

The players, who are the backbone month in month out, of golf in India, have been doing excellently in the way of getting their L.G.U. handicaps down during the last year, and Mrs. Rostrom in particular played right down (or should it

be up?) to her 9 handicap, for she tied with Miss Lamb and Miss Carrick at 90 for the first place in the qualifying round, tied as well for the first handicap prize with Mrs. C. O. Remfry, and the next day was beaten only 2 and 1 by Miss Lamb. Miss Lamb, as Scottish golfers know to their cost, is the sort of player who may beat any of them; for example, she did beat Miss Jean McCulloch in the Scottish Championship of 1930, and only lost the semi-final to Mrs. Holm, the eventual champion. English players remember, too, that she won the Gold Cup at Roehampton last year. Only unfortunately everybody knows that she can sometimes putt very badly, and that is what appears to have overtaken her when Miss Carrick beat her by 5 and 3. Miss Carrick then beat Mrs. Lendrum to reach the final.

Meanwhile the other Scottie, Miss Kathleen Macdonald, after qualifying fourth with 92, arrived in the final via wins from Mrs. Duncan Smith, Mrs. M. T. Williams, and Mrs. Foster. The final is only eighteen holes, but that was packed as full of thrills as many a one of the thirty-six hole variety. There was a 9-yard putt from Miss Macdonald to halve the first hole in 4, after visiting a couple of bunkers; there was her cannon in off Miss Carrick's ball to halve the third; there was Miss Carrick's beautiful second a yard from the 6th; and gallant recovery at the 9th; there were a good many visits to the various tanks, which are the main hazards of the Royal Calcutta, and by the turn Miss Carrick was 3 up, with Miss Macdonald evidently

mis-timing her drives. But she is a placid golfer, and she won the next four holes. To get the lead for the first time at the 13th is the sort of thing that is extraordinarily valuable, and though Miss Carrick fought on bravely, all she could do was to die gallantly on the last green.

It was a great come-back for Miss Macdonald, who has been working hard and had no big golf since the day that Miss Doris Park beat her 1 up in the Scottish Championship of 1930. That was just after her triumph at Formby. There, having been left out of the Scottish team although she had won all her matches for them handsomely the year before, she taught the selection committee a lesson (selection committees are always learning these hard lessons) by getting into the semi-final of the Open Championship. To be sure Miss Fishwick there fell upon her and devoured her by 5 and 4, but Miss Fishwick took those fourteen holes in 59, so Miss Macdonald was probably better able to forgive herself than the selection committee themselves. Miss Macdonald is a very beautiful putter; history has not related if she was rolling the ball up to the hole on those fiery Calcutta greens with the old wooden putter



Mrs. Walter Payne (left) and her sister, Mrs. Geoffrey Toye, a very popular pair in the golfers' world. They were semi-finalists in last year's Autumn Foursomes

which served her so well in this country. One hopes so, for the wooden putter is a picturesque weapon and there are all too few of them about. Mrs. Walter Payne is one of their best exponents, and every opponent trembles when they see the long wooden nose settling down on the green, and Mrs. Payne's careful eye taking the line to the hole.

Mrs. Payne is to be envied, for she has been in Bermuda since Christmas. Did the wooden putter go too?



4-DOOR SALOON **£285**
(ex Works, Hendon)

Flush-type weatherproof sliding roof,
£10 extra.

Fixed-head Coupé £295

All-weather Saloon and Drop-head

Coupé £325

Special 26-h.p. model for overseas.



Gear-changing as easy as A.B.C.

FAULTLESS

GEAR-CHANGE

No double-declutching, no "feeling" for gears, no stalling, no noise—you never need make a bad gear-change on the Vauxhall Cadet. Synchro-Mesh gears give you a feeling of expert control; the Silent Second makes it pleasant to use your gears as you should. And in performance and appearance the Cadet is all you could wish for. Ask any dealer for a trial run, or write to General Motors Ltd., The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W. 9.

"FATHER," accused Kenneth, "I know your guilty secret! You've been taking driving lessons."

"Wrong, as usual," answered his father. "Though I'll admit my driving has vastly improved lately," he added, complacently.

"I should say it had. For one thing, you haven't muffed a single gear-change all day. That's something new for you."

"Exactly as new as the car, Ken. This Cadet is the 1932

model, with Synchro-Mesh gears."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Everything. There's no chance of a bad gear-change, and I don't have to double-declutch, or anything. Just put the lever into second or top—that's all. And that leaves me free to attend to the traffic. No, my lad—there's no need for lessons in driving the Cadet."

COMPLETE RANGE OF
MODELS ON VIEW AT
174-182, GREAT PORTLAND
STREET, LONDON, W. 1

VAUXHALL CADET

(17 H.P. — SIX CYLINDERS)

It's British

The Highway of Fashion

By
M. E. BROOKE

The dresses below, in stockinette, from Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, are ideally suited for Spring wear. The one on the left has a lace wool top and the one on the right a simulated cape. See p. ii

Black and White
Calf Skin Pelerine
—Plaited Belts—
Piqué Flowers—
Diamante Buttons



These are some hats that Walmar have built; they satisfactorily solve the head-fitting problem. Felt and straw are present in the one of which two views are given, while the shady affair on the right is of a new straw called Racello. See p. ii



The silhouette to-day is slender, and in some of the extreme models there is more than a hint of the return of the hobble skirt. Short coats and wraps are worn with evening as well as day time dresses, also many phases of the tippet and pelerine. The Hon. Mrs. Brian Guinness was recently seen shopping in a plain black satin Princess robe; the line of closely set buttons down the front were covered with satin, but the clou of the whole creation was a white ponyskin pelerine mottled with black; it terminated at the elbows and was caught with white loops and buttons; the collar was "wrinkled." The scheme was completed with long white gauntlet cuffs and a bérêt arranged on Glengarry lines finished with a black and white rouleau. Lady Tindal Atkinson likes a cap effect; it is introduced in her wine-coloured marocain frock. The belt, about an inch wide, consists of plaited rouleaux interspersed with buttons.

Lady Luck thinks a "gored" skirt is becoming, as the hips may be moulded, and although the movements are not handicapped the fulness is not too pronounced. She has had this idea expressed in a chestnut brown silk marocain dress; touches of beige are present in the vicinity of the neckline.

The coat-frock has returned; Lady Muriel Willoughby was recently seen in one of a parrot green shade; shaped frills were present on the corsage, sleeves, and skirt; they were apparently held in position with diamanté buttons. The Hon. Mrs. Capell looks extremely well in her brown coat-frock; it is arranged with a tunic effect and a suede belt; she varies her button-hole; the other day it was of brick red piqué. A "flair" for flares was the dictum passed on the dresses in a British collection; nothing was ever permitted to interfere with the slender silhouette; frills gave the impression of fringe; the charm of accordion pleating was shown.

(Continued on p. ii)



• FOR THE GRAND MILITARY
MEETING • • • OR AINTREE

• • • • occasions when
exclusive Sports Clothes
• • • receive their full
measure of appreciation.

• The Top Coat illustrated is in Pale
Beige. The garniture is of Chat Tigre.

*Margaret
Barry* LTD.

Sports Clothes : 64, NEW BOND STREET, W.1

Hats : 18, BROOK STREET, W.1 Blouses : 42, SOUTH MOLTON STREET, W.1

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

Walmar Hats.

Among the many pleasant signs of Spring are the Walmar hats that may be met in all millinery salons of prestige; should, however, difficulty be experienced in obtaining them, Leslie Jones, Ltd., Walmar House, Regent Street, W., will be pleased to send the name and address of their nearest agent on application. Before describing individual hats emphasis must be laid on the fact that there are models with fittings for the small head as well as for those with graceful contours; naturally, they all represent the acme of smartness. Illustrated on p. 336 there are two aspects of a Walmar hat in which felt and straw share honours; the brim is turned up and is caught with a glass chanticleer or cockerel's head; many women like these mounts, as they consider that they are endowed with mascot powers. The hat on the right is of the modish racello straw, the brim has graceful undulations, the flowers being of a substance that looks like glass, but is not. Another model that is particularly becoming is expressed in fine pedal straw, and is caught with a brown and flame patent leather bow.

Is It Possible?

Many will ask the question, "Is it possible that the two frocks pictured on p. 336 are made of stockinette?" The reply is in the affirmative, and they may be seen at Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly, W., and the prices are unusually pleasant. The one on the left has a wool lace top, the skirt being arranged with a corselet effect, this note being emphasized with a patent leather belt. The quality of the stockinette is excellent; it is available in many colours and the price is £2. Its companion is also in stockinette and costs 30s.; note the becoming frills that form a hip yoke and the simuli cape. Then there are cardigan suits in jaske enriched with broadtail cloth for 70s., and there are others for 50s. Again, there are pretty, fancy voile blouses for 15s., and lace-stitch wool jumpers with long sleeves for the same price.

Kestos Girdles and Belts.

Nature has ever been careless, and as a consequence the figures of the majority of women need support. It is to be hoped that Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, will have the lecture on Kestos brassières and belts repeated, and that all the readers of this paper will make a point of being present. Last week's lecturer not only thoroughly knew her subject but

appreciated the difficulties that women have to overcome—but she took it seriously. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that Kestos belts and brassières are inexpensive. The former give complete comfort and freedom of movement, and they are undiscernible under the thinnest frock or close-fitting bathing suit. They mould figures to the firm, alluring curves of youth and indicate the natural centre depression. They are provided with a patented design which causes a gentle cross-pull in the centre and uplift from the sides. There

are only two elastic straps, which cross from one side to the other, continuing round the body, and fastening to two buttons in front, thus ensuring absolute comfort and unrestricted movement of the body. Swan and Edgar will be pleased to send further details, as well as particulars of the belts, on application. Naturally a visit is much more satisfactory.

New Versions of the "Countyx."

The Countyx collections may be studied in the salons where women who have a reputation for being well-dressed congregate; the suits and wraps are ideal for in and out of town wear, all freakish notes being eliminated. Two phases of one of the new Spring models, which may be seen at Margaret Marks, Knightsbridge, are pictured on this page; it is expressed in frieze and consists of a long coat of a semi-military character, with patch pockets and belt, it is 4½ guineas; the cardigan and skirt, also of frieze, is £6 6s., while the sleeveless knitted pull-over is 31s. 6d. Furthermore, there are some particularly desirable cardigans made of knapp yarn, they are warm and light and suggest that they have been tailored. By the way it must be mentioned that the Spring Countyx specialities have gone into residence in many salons. However, should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them application must be made to Countyx, Vere Street, Oxford Street, who will gladly send the name and address of the nearest agent.

Robin Red and Duck Blue.

Again this season Margaret Marks has materials dyed in exclusive shades, they are quite charming; for instance, there is robin red (it is the exact tint of the plumage on the breast of that bird), duck blue, lichen green, eagle (a new tan), and the brown of a sparrow's wing.

A Few Hundred Yards.

Picking up and setting down at theatres is a problem, no matter whether the vehicle chosen be a taxi or Rolls-Royce, and even when a few steps, or it may be a hundred yards, must be traversed before shelter is obtained, it will play havoc with perfectly groomed hair. Now Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, have evolved a theatre or bridge cap (it may be seen in the hair-dressing department); it is made of tulle in various colours, also black and white, and the cost is 12s. 6d. Now a strong point in favour of this cap—which is cut on the lines of a Glengarry—is that it is becoming, and is finished with a rouleau. It is safe to predict that as soon as the warm weather arrives it will be worn in the garden and by the sea.



A COUNTYX ENSEMBLE

It consists of long frieze coat, cardigan, and skirt, and a knitted sleeveless pull-over. At Margaret Marks, Knightsbridge, S.W.

UNDERLYING LOVELINESS

in spring lingerie

There are some delightful items in Inexpensive

Spring Lingerie on Marshall & Snelgrove's Second Floor. The four sketched are of Satin Beauté—cleverly simple in

line, for the present-day silhouette, but delicate and charming enough to satisfy your innate, feminine love of daintiness.



1. PYJAMAS of Satin Beauté. Very new in style and beautifully made. Trimmed with lace and net edging. White and all colours **39/6**

2. PRINCESS PETTICOAT of Satin. Intricately cut to ensure a snug fit around figure. Scalloped hem and finished with a lace top. White and all colours **21/9**

3. CAMI-KNICKERS of Satin Beauté—beautifully made and trimmed with net. White and all colours **30/6**

4. NIGHTGOWN of Satin Beauté. Dainty and well-made, lace top and finished with a narrow belt. White and all colours **35/9**

SENT ON APPROVAL

marshall and snelgrove

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET LONDON W1

This Month.

To-morrow (25th), Mr. Leonard William Snagge and Miss Leonard Randolph Smith are being married at St. Peter's Church, Aylesford; Mr. Michael Crofton Black and Miss Evelyn Marian Brown will be married on February 27 quietly; and on the 29th, Captain C. R. B. Knight and Miss F. H. L. Kingsford-Lethbridge are to be married at Christ Church, Down Street.

Marrying Shortly.

Mr. Eric Rice Pyle and Miss Margery Weston Sarl have fixed on March 12 for their marriage at St. Mary's Church, Hatfield, Broad Oak, Essex; on the 30th, Mr. Henry W. Woodcock marries Miss Bettine C. Walford at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street; and the marriage between Mr. Stephen B. R. Green and Miss Katharine A. Tawney will take place on April 4.

Recent Engagements.

Commander Edward Blake Hoyle, R.N. (retired), of Kiboloss, Kenya Colony, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Hoyle of Holme Hall, Bakewell, and Miss Margaret Rhona Welch, the elder daughter of Major and Mrs. H. Welch of Longstone Hall, Great Longstone, Derbyshire; Mr. Roy Shaw, the only son of the



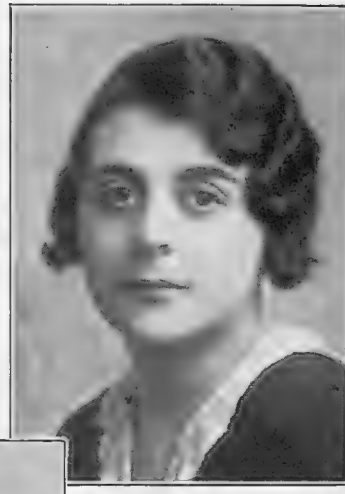
Douglas

MISS BETTY HAMMOND

The younger daughter of the late Dr. John Hammond and Mrs. Hammond of 126a, Westbourne Terrace, W., who is engaged to Mr. Hugh Macdonald Vernon Roberts, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Roberts of "Skirmish," Oban, Argyll

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

late Mr. P. S. Shaw and Mrs. Shaw of The Mill House, Byfleet, and Miss Dorothy Francis, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Francis of Heithe, Woking; Flight-Lieut. Arthur King Lewis, the eldest son of the late Mr. Philip King Lewis, M.R.C.S., L.S.A., of Nunwell House, Bromyard, and Miss Frances Mary Christie, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Christie, The Red House, Camberley; Captain S. C. Kirkman, M.C., Royal Artillery, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Kirkman of Bedford, and Miss Carol Erskine Clarke, the younger daughter



Lafayette

MISS ELYNOR OWEN

Who is to marry Mr. Herbert Ross, who is the son of Dr. James Daniel Ross of Stamford Hill, is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Lyndon Owen of Dublin



MR. AND MRS. E. SHERWOOD BARRETT

Who were married on February 18 at St. George's, Hanover Square. Mr. Eric Sherwood ("Toby") Barrett, the Hockey Oxford Blue, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Sherwood Barrett of Wimbledon, and his wife was formerly Miss Helena Nitch

F. Hamilton King of Linwood, Liss, and of the late Mrs. Jessie King, and Miss Grace Margaret Oliver, the youngest daughter of the Rev. Canon Arthur Oliver of Downside, Warminster, and of the late Mrs. Louisa Oliver; Mr. Henry Janson Ready, the son of Mr. O. G. Ready, formerly Chinese I.M. Customs, and Mrs. Ready, 5, Spencer Road, Southsea, and Miss Alicia Erskine Maunsell, the daughter of Captain and Mrs. Ernest O. Maunsell of Dennistoun, St. Albans; Mr. Robert Gordon Morison, M.C., the son of Mr. John Morison and Mrs. Morison of Highgate, and Miss Catherine Russell, the daughter of the late Mr. Edmund Clowes Russell of Nelson, British Columbia, and Mrs. Brickdale of Seattle, U.S.A.



MAPPIN & WEBB Ltd

2 QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.4 172 REGENT ST., W.1 156-162 OXFORD ST., W.1
LONDON.

Manufactory

The Royal Works

Sheffield

£25 Cabinet of PRINCE'S PLATE SPOONS FORKS & STAINLESS CUTLERY

Best London made fumed Oak Cabinet, conveniently fitted with 6 Table Spoons, 12 Soup Spoons, 12 Table Forks, 12 Dessert Forks, 12 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 2 Sauce Ladles, 12 Table Knives, 12 Cheese Knives, 1 pair Meat Carvers, 1 pair Game Carvers,* 1 Sharpener, 12 pairs Fish Knives and Forks, 1 pair Fish Carvers. The Spoons and Forks are PRINCE'S PLATE (Rat-tail pattern), and the Cutlery is fitted with "Tusca" handles.

A Catalogue of Prince's Plate Spoons, Forks, Cutlery and Household Plate will be sent by return of post.

* The Meat and Game Carvers are of hand-forged steel.

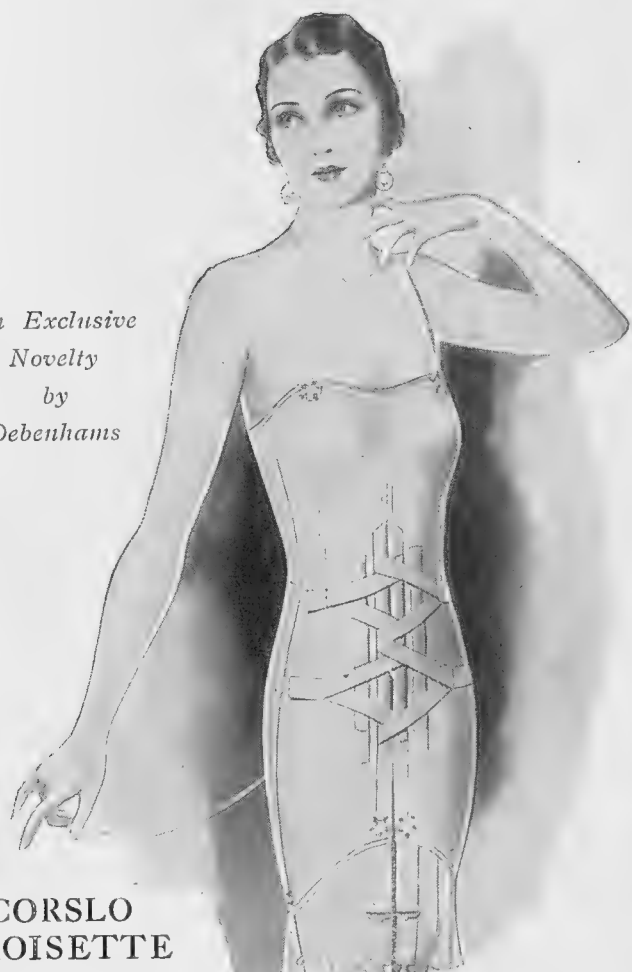


SPECIALLY DESIGNED

Corsetry

by Debenhams

An Exclusive
Novelty
by
Debenhams



CORSLO CROISSETTE

for the Full Figure

THE CORSLO CROISSETTE is an outstanding success. Specially designed by the Debenham Corsetière to support both abdomen and diaphragm; and to mould the figure to a slimming line.

A
large collection
of belts and
bust bodices
always in
stock.

Patent No. 357253

A great advantage is that the strappings can be adjusted to suit any full figure according to the support required, also invaluable for special abdominal support after an operation.

To those interested the Corslo Croisette will be personally demonstrated at any time by our Corsetière.

SENT ON
APPROVAL

The Corslo Croisette

In Cotton Tricot. Measurements required when ordering: bust, waist and hips. **5 Gns.**

In Silk Tricot ... **8 Gns.**

Debenham & Freebody
WIGMORE STREET,
W. 1
(Debenhams Ltd)



BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. THE QUEEN

YARDLEY English Complexion POWDER

Gives to you that added charm which only a face powder of the very finest quality can give. It accentuates natural beauty and delicate colouring without giving that "powdered" look common to ordinary powders.

Close-clinging and delicately fragrant, it is an English powder specially suited to that most admirable thing, the English woman's Complexion.

ASK FOR THE SILVER BOX



1/9

IN TINTS TO
SUIT YOUR
COMPLEXION

ORCHIS
COMPACT

2/6



Perfumed with
ORCHIS, FREESIA,
JESSAMINE
O'DEVON or APRIL
VIOLETS

Perfumes to match
the Powders, 3/6 to 55/-

OF ALL CHEMISTS, COIFFEURS AND STORES
YARDLEY HOUSE : 33 OLD BOND STREET • LONDON

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

The Annual General Meeting took place on February 11. Our President, Princess Helena Victoria, was re-elected, also the vice-presidents; Lady Faudel Phillips was unanimously elected treasurer, and Mrs. Trelawny, secretary. The treasurer's report was read, which showed a balance on the year's working. Afterwards there was a discussion concerning various ways of making the Association more useful to members, and various plans were suggested and approved of.

A committee meeting was also held. At it Lady Kathleen Pilkington announced that she much regretted that owing to the fact that she should in future live almost entirely in Ireland, she must resign the chairmanship of the Executive. Her resignation was accepted with the greatest regret and Lady Howe was unanimously elected chairman. Lady Wolverhampton also resigned the vice-chairmanship and Baroness Burton was elected vice-chairman. The sub-committees were elected, and various business was discussed. There are three new members on the committee—Gertrude Lady Decies, Mrs. Howard and Mrs. Hornoyd.

The retirement of Lady Kathleen Pilkington from the post of chairman of the Executive was received with great regret by the committee. Lady Kathleen has been a member of the Association from its foundation, was appointed vice-chairman in 1909, and chairman in 1924 on the death of Lady Evelyn Ewart. She will, however, still remain on the committees.

Lady Howe, who succeeds her as chairman, is well known to all show and trial goers. She is one of the greatest authorities on gun-dogs in the world, and has for some years been chairman of the Show Committee, and it is mainly to her that this



CHULAIN MARCUS

The property of the Hon. Mrs. Parker

Show owes its present position. Both she and Lady Kathleen have the true interest of the Association at heart.

Lady Wolverhampton has also been a member of this committee for many years and takes the greatest interest in the association. She will also, I am glad to say, remain on the committee.

Mrs. Parker is one of the devotees of the Irish wolfhound. She sends a picture of one of her dog puppies; this is a particularly fine pup, a big winner every time shown, over 35 in. at a year old, and perfectly sound; he should have a big future. Mrs. Parker has a nice eleven-months-old cream-coloured bitch pup for sale; she should make an ideal companion, being very intelligent and house-trained, and could win as well.

Miss Dixon's dachshunds are well known to us. She sends a picture of her imported dog, and says, "He is a glorious dark red colour which has, I believe, only once before been seen in England. He is two-and-a-half years old and has won all over Germany."

The springer spaniel is one of the most useful dogs alive. There is nothing any other gun dog can do that he cannot do; also he is in great request as a companion, being of an amiable disposition, both to people and other animals.

Mrs. Hollingsworth sends a picture of her well-known Fairbank Dolly, a winner at big shows. She has some good young eight-months-old puppies for sale which should make good workers and will be ready by next season. There is no better dog for a rough shoot than a springer.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



FAIRBANK DOLLY

The property of Mrs. Hollingsworth



ROTHARDT VON FALLTHOR

The property of Miss Dixon

"Well, of all the topping times!..."

"... Ralph, why haven't you brought me here before?"

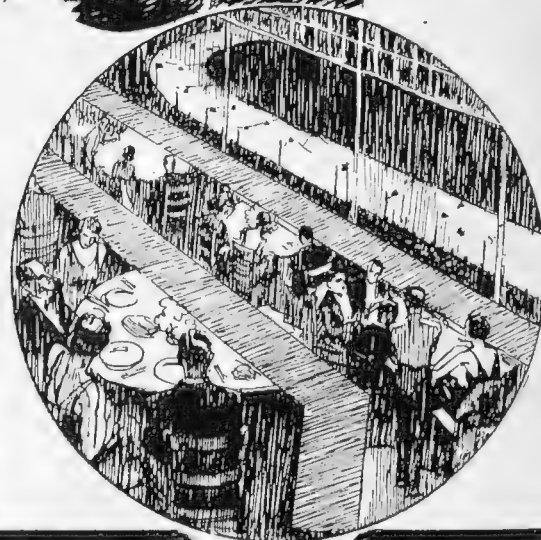
"Because you've always said you were sure the racing would be dull and the people impossible."

"Well, I've changed my mind. Look, they're off! Gosh, aren't they moving! Come on, Honey Bunch! Up—oh, glorious! We've won again . . ."

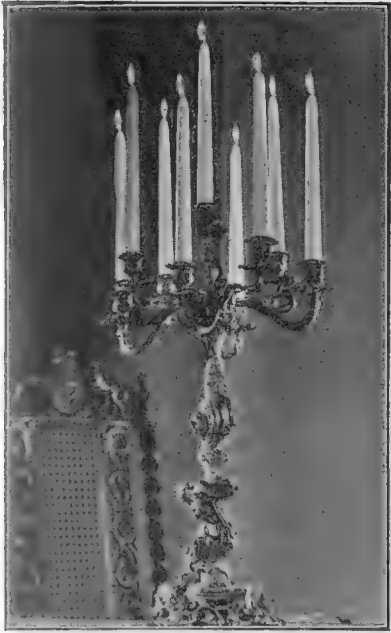
"That's the last one. Better toddle along to the car. Liked it?"

"Liked it? Why, if you don't swear now to bring me to the very next meeting I'll never speak to you again."

★ ★ ★
In the club enclosure members may dine luxuriously and in perfect comfort and at the same time enjoy all the delights of Greyhound racing where every facility is available, with an unobstructed view of the track. Application for membership should be made to The Secretary, Greyhound Racing Club, White City.



"NELL GWYNN" CANDLES ARE FASHIONABLE



FOR DECORATION



FOR THE DINING
TABLE

No light is so pleasing as "Nell Gwynn" Candlelight, and the candles themselves are lovely, both in shape and colour, adding charm to any decorative scheme.

FIELD'S
"NELL
GWYNN"
Solid Dyed Candles
IN 36 ART COLOURS

FREE: An illustrated "Nell Gwynn" Candle booklet will be sent post free on request to J. C. & J. Field, Ltd., Dept. W, London, S.E.1. Established 1642 in the Reign of Charles the First.

Aldwych



Our time is Benger time

From a MEDICAL CONSULTANT:

"I take this opportunity of telling you that an old lady nearly 90, the mother of one of my patients, has lived on nothing but Benger's Food for years, and is perfectly wonderful in health."

From TWO USERS:

"... for more than two years I have lived almost entirely on your Food."

"... my father (81 years) has been living on your Food for the past seven years."

Information and Recipes for many dainty dishes, that will vary the monotony of plain milk diet, will be found in Benger's Booklet, sent post free on application.

"You see, we are not so young as we were, and we now need a Food that we are able to digest with comfort and enjoy at all times. We find Benger's a complete Food, fully nourishing and very delicious. We can work well, think well and sleep well on Benger's. We take our Benger's Food as refreshment between meals and always a cupful the last thing before retiring."

You prepare Benger's Food always with fresh new milk. Its delicate biscuit flavour is liked by everybody. Benger's goes splendidly with tea, coffee or chocolate.



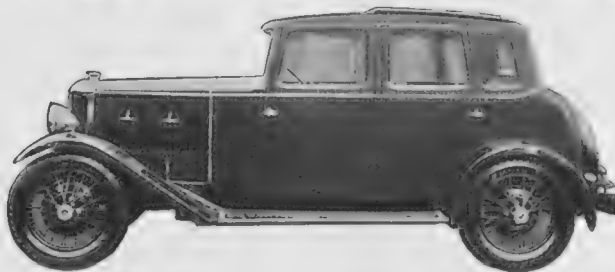
Benger's Food is sold in tins by Chemists, etc., everywhere.

BENGER'S FOOD, LTD.,
285b Branch Offices:—NEW YORK (U.S.A.)—41, Maiden Lane.

Otter Works,
SYDNEY (N.S.W.)—350, George Street.

MANCHESTER.
CAPE TOWN (S.A.)—P.O. Box 733.

THE ACE OF 1932 SALOONS



The 16/56 6-cylinder Acades Light Saloon (tax £16), with the most attractive body ever fitted on an A.C. chassis, is unusually roomy and comfortable. A genuine high-class car at a medium price.

Let us send you our new Catalogue.



(ACEDES) CARS LTD.

Thames Ditton Surrey, England

Telephone: Emberbrook 2340-1. Telegrams: Autocarrier, Thames Ditton.

vii

"TOINOCO"

"SILKY FIBRE," the original Aseptic Handkerchiefs for cleanly treatment of Influenza, Colds, Catarrhs, etc. Used once and destroyed, self-infection is avoided. Packed in sealed, Dust-proof Cartons, 50 for 2/- Also "Tolnoco" Paper Crepon, all British, 1/- & 1/9, at Chemists or from The Toinoco Handkerchief Co., Ltd., Dept. T., 55, Hatton Garden, London.

ASTROLOGY

Your Horoscope cast by astrologer of 30 years' world repute. Life's Prospects, Possibilities described. Health, Marriage, Finance, Business Guidance, Events, Changes, etc. Send P.O. 1/- Birth date, stamped addressed envelope for expert delineation, the accuracy of which will amaze you. Elroy Studios (T.R.14), 37, Albemarle Street, London, W.1. Innumerable uncollected testimonials received.

AIR EDDIES : *By* OLIVER STEWART

H.R.H. Again.

THE PRINCE OF WALES is one of the few people to-day who see motor-cars and aeroplanes in their true perspective. He has indicated to those in authority that, in his view, motor-cars are transport vehicles—a view totally at variance with that held by most of those concerned in their regulation on the roads. For he has placed the forecourt of Marlborough House at the disposal of Marlborough Club members for the parking of their cars.

It is the kind of rational and modernist action to be expected from one who refuses to be mesmerised by the past; who, in an age of petrol and electricity, refuses to hanker after candles and the clatter of phantom four-wheelers; who recognises that the present, with its different ways of getting about, also has its claims. And it is the kind of action that deserves to be followed in aviation. There are many places in England where landing space for aircraft is available. Many country houses have grounds which include practical landing areas for light aeroplanes. It is to be hoped that some public-spirited country house owner will this year come forward and offer to the members of whatever flying club he likes to choose, the free use of his landing area. I believe that if one person did this others would follow, and flying club members would then be able vastly to increase their scope of operations. A step would then have been taken towards the aeronautical millennium, if not towards the year one A.F. in Mr. Aldous Huxley's depraved new world.

Airwork Unlimited.

There seem to be no bounds to the activities of Airwork, Ltd., of Heston. New ideas are apt to be scarce at the centres of aviation, yet in the minds of Messrs. Norman, Muntz, and Denman, they bloom with refreshing rapidity. With the aid of Mr. Dawbarn the work on the new Heston buildings is now almost finished. They will be officially opened later on, and then I hope to give a full description of them. Meanwhile I can say that the additions to the aerodrome buildings consist of an hotel with a number of bedrooms, each with its own bath-room, and with lounges, bar, restaurant, and pilots'

rooms. The design of the rooms is sharp and neat and, I believe, that the rates which are to be charged will be low.

The advantages of this hotel actually on the aerodrome are many. It will be not only a pleasant place to stay for a week-end, but also a convenience for pilots and passengers who are passing near London and who wish to stay for one night. However close an aerodrome may be to central London, and Heston's position could hardly be bettered, it is always an advantage if it can offer living accommodation on the spot.

Hatfield.

Some remarkable figures of the flying times of the De Havilland School of Flying at Hatfield have reached me from the Society of British Aircraft Constructors. They show that between October 1, 1926, and September 30 last year, the school machines flew in the aggregate no fewer than 22,169 hours, the equivalent to about 2,000,000 miles. During that time more than 1,000 pupils passed through the school, learning to fly and perfecting their skill in light biplanes and monoplanes, and in the more powerful training machines reserved for the use of military pilots going through courses of instruction or engaged on "refresher" flying. Last year's operations of the school were above the average; 4,637 flying hours were recorded, and 286 pupils passed through the school. It is an admirable record, and I shall hope at a future date to give some further information as to the activities at Hatfield.



FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT N. M. S. RUSSELL

With his special Redwing at Hanworth. Flight-Lieutenant Russell learnt to fly as far back as 1916, and he was engaged on important experimental work at Gosport during the War. He is now a frequent visitor at most of the London aerodromes

Cranwell to Capetown?

Squadron-Leader Gayford and Flight-Lieutenant Bett should, if all goes well, have made their attempt on the world's long-distance air record by the time these notes appear. In the Fairey monoplane with the Napier engine they will attempt to do the 6,116 miles between Cranwell and Capetown non-stop. This long-distance record is important. It ranks next to speed and altitude as a measure of the improving powers of the aeroplane. And the British attempt is novel in that, for the first time, it applies the automatic pilot to this kind of work. It is the automatic pilot that is going to enable the range of aircraft flying under normal conditions to be increased in the future even more than improvements in the machine and engine. Everyone will wish good luck to Gayford and Bett, two determined and skilful officers.



A BRITISH LAGER that world-travellers praise

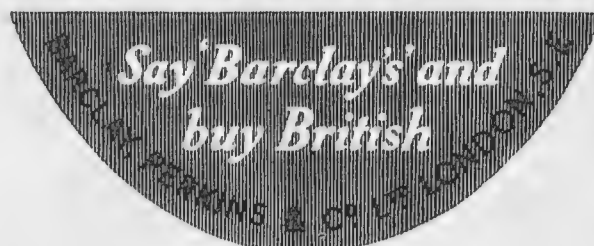
Ten years ago the firm of Barclay Perkins, having installed at Southwark the finest Lager-brewing plant in Europe, proved that it was possible to produce a first-rate Lager in this country—as had already been done in Germany, France, Holland, Denmark, Italy, Japan, and most other civilised countries.

People took kindly to Barclay's Lager at once. As a result, our

consumption of Lager has gone up and up.

Needless to say, foreign brewers have sought to reap advantage from this movement. But if you are careful to ask always for Barclay's Lager, you will not only be obeying the Government's exhortation to reduce unnecessary imports; you will also be getting as fine a Lager as is produced anywhere.

BARCLAY'S LAGER



Miss Joan Maude

THE DISTINGUISHED YOUNG ACTRESS
NOW APPEARING IN "THE GREEN PACK"
AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE, LONDON

writes:

"I CAN quite honestly say that I have always found Phosferine a most excellent tonic, and also a splendid pick-me-up for over-tiredness. However well one plays a rôle, the chief anxiety is whether one can equal or surpass it next time, and any undue nerve strain makes all the difference. I have found Phosferine admirable to ensure composed, steady nerves, with that sense of rest and freshness so essential for stage work. As always happens in the busy and intense conditions of stage work, energy is sometimes at a low ebb, and at such moments I have found that a few doses of Phosferine re-create vigour and restore sparkle to tired eyes, and buoyant vitality of movement. I am quite sure Phosferine greatly promotes one's physical fitness and makes the night's rest really refreshing."

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Influenza
Debility
Indigestion
Sleeplessness
Exhaustion

Neuralgia
Maternity Weakness
Weak Digestion
Mental Exhaustion
Loss of Appetite

Lassitude
Neuritis
Faintness
Brain Fag
Anæmia

Nerve Shock
Malaria
Rheumatism
Headache
Sciatica

From Chemists.

Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

WARNING.—Phosferine is prepared only by Phosferine (Ashton and Parsons) Ltd., and the public is warned against purchasing Worthless Imitations.

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.

Aldwych



Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 326

The paragraph about the rare occasions upon which a wolf has been ridden down and speared, has brought me a good deal of information. I did not know it had been done as often as it has. Certainly my own experience, a solitary one I admit, was all the other way. The wolf on that occasion had all the best of it, and quite out-stayed the steeds we were riding; not very good class I'll admit, but good enough under ordinary circumstances to catch a pig. Lieut.-Colonel R. H. Allen writes me an interesting letter from the R. A. Mess, Preston Barracks, Brighton, in which he relates the following experience:—

I was most interested to read in THE TATLER your observation that you had never heard of anyone who managed to ride down and kill a wolf with a hog-spear. In 1908 at Pur Practice Camp, some fifty miles north of Meerut, Alan Brooke—younger brother of Victor Brooke and now Brigadier A. F. Brooke—and myself were "gooming" about one afternoon about four o'clock looking for a casual boar or jackal, anything for a hunt. Brooke was about 200 to 300 yards on my left when I put up a fine dog wolf in good condition. He ran in a half-circle towards Brooke and after about a mile, certainly not more, Brooke got on to him and speared him. Brooke was actually on his tail for the last couple of hundred yards, so it was not merely a lucky spear as the wolf crossed his bows. We took him into camp and skinned him. He was not gorged but in fine healthy condition. The horses we were riding were ordinary battery horses, but of course the stud bred Waler of those days was a pretty useful lot.

If it was a horse battery, the horses were, as I can believe, a bit "super," for some of the remounts they used to get in those days looked good enough to win 'chases, and probably were. Anyway, to ride a wolf down is a pretty good performance. Captain E. A. Johnson, who is eighty-six,

and was formerly a Gunner, sends me a record of three people who have killed a wolf with a hog-spear—all in India—during the time Captain Johnson was running the Mhow Tent Club, about 1874-75. The three cases were Colonel A. C. Bayly, R.A., Colonel Mike Willoughby, and someone in the Central India Horse, whose name Captain Johnson cannot recall. All three cases, however, he says, are

quite authentic, and I daresay there are some more. All I know about it personally is that a wolf is a Hades of a stayer, and can pull out a quite extraordinary burst of speed when you try to get upsides with him.

* * *

Major Van der Byl of Wappenham House, Towcester, who founded the Fur Crusade some three years ago, has sent me a photograph of a fox caught in a spring-pole trap, which is the common device used by Canadian and American trappers for catching fur-bearers. The animal when trapped is jerked into the air and left suspended for days. This is done to prevent it from injuring its own fur, or gnawing its foot off and thus effecting its escape. The law says that traps have to be visited very often, but in practice this is never done owing to the weather conditions, and also the length of the trap lines, which extend for many miles. Although not so cruel as the fiendish device, the set-hook, in which an animal is made to swallow a baited fish-hook attached to a wire trace and swivel, and left dangling for days with the hook in its stomach, it shows the ghastly tortures to which wild animals are subjected in order to provide women with their furs. The only furs it is really safe to buy are those named on the White List of the Fur Crusade. Major Van der Byl now has about 200,000 of his leaflets, "Horrors of Fur Trapping," in circulation, which include this white list, and would be grateful for help.



Howard Barrett

THE REV. ROBERT ARTHUR DASHWOOD

The Vicar of Great Dalby, the only other man of his cloth, besides Mr. Graham Dilley, who hunts from anywhere near Melton. They both emulate the famous Jack Russell!

Sore Throat?

"... Wulfin Brand FORMAMINT—that is my first thought when Sore throat is about."

Mr. D.D.—E.



WULFING BRAND FORMAMINT

conquers Sore Throat and prevents infectious diseases (Influenza, Diphtheria, etc.).

At all Chemists—2/6 per bottle.

GENATOSAN LTD. Loughborough. Leicestershire

Before Breakfast, Drink Hot Water and Lemon

Flush Stomach and Intestines of Excess Acid and Gassy Waste Matter

The whole country is taking to drinking hot water and lemon juice every morning. It is one of the wisest health practices ever established. It washes out the stomach and intestinal tract and makes us internally clean.

Most of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient, because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time.

It putrefies within us and sets up toxins or poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability and lassitude.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking

hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous, natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from your chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES OF THE TATLER

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve months, including Double and Xmas Nos.	Six months, including Double Nos.	Three months, no extras.
AT HOME ...	£3 3s. 0d.	£1 11s. 6d.	15s. 9d.
CANADA ...	£3 0s. 8d.	£1 10s. 4d.	15s. 2d.
ELSEWHERE ABROAD	£3 11s. 9d.	£1 15s. 10d.	18s. 0d.

ORDER FORM

To THE PUBLISHER OF
The Tatler,

346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2

Please send me THE TATLER weekly

for _____ months, commencing

with the issue of _____

for which I enclose _____

Name _____

Address _____

Date _____ 1932

Everyone likes the 'nutty' flavour

When the grocer sent some other kind of Water Biscuits, the whole family rose to protest. "But these aren't Jacobs!" They missed at once the delicate crispness, and the real nutty flavour that make Jacob's Water Biscuits the only right accompaniment to cheese among discerning people. Don't let your grocer make the same mistake. He's sure to have Jacob's—loose, in $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. packets, or 1/3, 2/- and 2/5 tins.



ORDINARY OR HIGH BAKED



Service Advertising

JACOBS'S WATER BISCUITS

The Sphere of Travel.

"The Sphere's" Travel Bureau was inaugurated a few years ago specially to help readers to overcome the many difficulties that arise when the problem of holidays is being discussed.

In its new form the Travel Section is one of the most popular features of the paper. Useful and *practical* information is given each week of tours by rail, sea and road; and beauty spots and health resorts all over the world are fully illustrated and described.

All Travel queries are promptly answered by post.

Enquiries should be addressed to—

"The Sphere's" Travel Bureau,
346, Strand, London, W.C.2

• THE PIONEERS OF THE LIGHT CAR
• **ANNOUNCE**

THE
MOST LUXURIOUS LIGHT
CAR IN THE WORLD

• THE NEW
• **SINGER**
• 9

- FIRST RELEASE, **MONDAY, FEB. 22nd.**
- This amazing luxury saloon established such new standards of motoring comfort that we suggest you call on your nearest Singer dealer immediately if you desire early delivery. Advance trade bookings are already heavy.
- **Superbly finished coachbuilt Saloon . . . £167 . 10 . 0**
ex works

SINGER & COMPANY LTD.
COVENTRY

London Distributors and Showrooms:

• COOK & PALMER, LTD.
184-188, GT. PORTLAND ST., W.1.

PASS AND JOYCE, LTD.
24-27, ORCHARD ST., W.1.
(By Selfridges)

The Man from Cincinnati—*cont. from p. 332*

"I told you I thought it all moonshine. When it appears to me, I'll believe it. I'm not prejudiced, really, but until something happens which I, personally, can test, I'm afraid I'm an unbeliever."

"And you have never seen it?"

"No. I've heard all sorts of queer noises in the house at night, but you can't live in a place like this without noises. I'm quite certain that every one of them admits of some simple, natural explanation."

"It's a lovely old place," the American said quietly. He looked up at the mellow, red front, the quaint windows. Perhaps he was envious, for he seemed almost to sigh as he turned to his host. "And now I must be going, Sir John. I thank you for your kindness in receiving me. I shall take away the happiest memories of Balcombe."

"Not at all. Good-bye, good-bye!"

An hour later Lady Balcombe, dignified and austere, returned from a round of visits.

Jevons, the butler, stood within the shadow of the hall as she entered. He had been with the family for forty years, and was a very privileged person.

"My lady!" he said, as his mistress came up the broad steps.

"Yes, Jevons?"

"You will forgive me, but Sir John has not been himself this afternoon."

"What do you mean, Jevons?" she asked in surprise.

"He's been acting very queer, my lady. Walking all over the house talking to himself."

Lady Balcombe glanced sharply at the butler, but remained silent.

"He was talking just as if there was someone with him, my lady."

"And he was alone?" she asked, in her quiet voice.

"Yes."

She breathed deeply.

"Where is your master? I will go to him."

"My lady—he's not well."

"Jevons——" Lady Balcombe clutched at the door for support.

The butler stood with bowed head, in silence, for a moment.

"I—I took the liberty of 'phoning to Master Tom, my lady—Sir Thomas I should say. We found the master beneath his cedar tree, where he would have wished to be."

Her lip trembled. For a moment her hand rested on the butler's arm before she turned away, and slowly mounted the old staircase.

Petrol Vapour—*continued from p. 330*

scheme, for although this is a light, economical car, and full of "guts" withal (if you will pardon the expression), it nevertheless has the right "feel." It conforms to a fine tradition which it honourably carries on as the youngest, and smallest, cadet of a family of ancient foundation. To that little 1,022 c.c. engine I accord unadulterated admiration. With its overhead inlets, and its side-exhausts, it is a power plant of outstanding vitality—and happiness. It is a pleasure to sit behind it, for the harder one drives, the more does it seem to revel in its job.

Fine Show.

By ill-luck I was prevented from participating in the luncheon which was organized recently to celebrate the performance of the Riley cars in the Monte Carlo Rally; and it would be very hard to imagine a better ground for some jollification, for certainly these cars covered themselves with glory, to say nothing of a slight amount of mud. The performance they put up was truly magnificent and a great British triumph. Nine Rileys entered, and nine Rileys duly finished, taking third, fourth, fifth, tenth, eleventh, sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth places in their class—and three of them were driven by ladies. Also three of them (all "Nines"), after having been driven overland all the way from Australia, started in rally from Palermo, and one gained an award. Further, a Riley "Nine" Army tourer, a rather special type developed for military uses, was one of the two light-class vehicles that completed the run from Athens on time, a thing that, if my memory serves me aright, has never been done before, owing to the dreadful road conditions, a fact which makes the achievement all the more outstanding. Sure it is that one could scarcely demand a more convincing test of absolute reliability, indeed I should think that, in this connection the Rileys must have set up new records which are likely to stand for a considerable time. A very great credit to all concerned, my masters, for these cars were just the standard product and quite innocent of such things as conically low gears installed at the last moment for the sake of the "Flexibility" test.

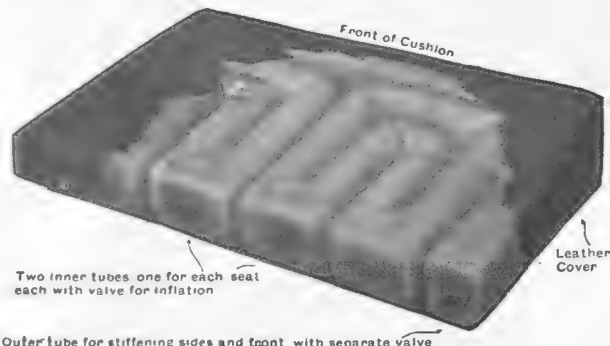
When breaking the World's Record for "Baby" cars on Pendine Sands, Mr. G. E. T. Eyston was using K.L.G. plugs in the engine of the M. G. Midget. The choice of British K.L.G.s for a 750 c.c. engine which was able to attain speeds of nearly two miles a minute is a striking tribute to the acknowledged reliability of K.L.G.s.

COMMON MISTAKES

about

CONSTIPATION

by a physician

**Note the ingenious arrangement of tubes—**

This is a double seat cushion; the broken cover shows two folded tubes, one for each seat, and an outer tube running along sides and front. Inflate the folded tubes slightly and the outer rather more firmly and you have an ideal air cushion, soft and receptive in the centre, stiffened, but still pneumatic, at the front and sides.

This system is peculiar to

MOSELEY "F-O-A"
float-on-air Regd.
Pneumatic Upholstery

That is why

**Sir Malcolm Campbell
 & Wizard Smith**

are both on Float-On-Air.

Ask at your Garage or send to the Makers:

DAVID MOSELEY & SONS, LTD.,

Ardwick, Manchester.

19/20, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1

'Phone: Ardwick 3341

'Phone: City 3277

Probably more mistakes are made about Constipation and its treatment than about any other everyday recurrence. It is important that these mistakes should be corrected, as Constipation is easily the commonest complaint in this country, and sooner or later its neglect or wrong treatment exacts a penalty.

Many mistakes are made as to the cause of Constipation, and it is frequently overlooked that almost any interruption in the daily routine of mind or body can bring about the complaint.

If mistakes are made as to the cause of Constipation, still greater mistakes are made as to its treatment. In the eager search for relief the patient does not pause to consider that "persuasion is better than force," and that laxatives which depend upon force for their effects (and most laxatives do) lead to ever-increasing doses and a drug-habit!

The Ideal Remedy

These mistakes of treatment cannot obtain if the remedy sought is M-O—or to give it its full name, Magnesia-Oil (Musterole Brand)—

which is the result of a series of researches carried out for the purpose of producing a laxative from whose action force should be rigorously excluded. Attention was focussed primarily upon the contents of the intestine, with the result that pure magnesia and pure liquid paraffin in a state of the most intimate sub-division expelled from the bowel its contents, without either tiring or irritating it. This essential ultra-microscopic sub-division, never hitherto attained, is the fundamental condition for complete success in a presentation of otherwise very simple substances. Relief and right treatment are assured by insisting upon Magnesia-Oil (Musterole Brand), which does not form a drug-habit, but which very definitely promotes natural and regular action . . . and that is why physicians prescribe and insist upon Magnesia-Oil (Musterole Brand) daily as the superlative remedy for constipation. Obtainable from all chemists. Prices 2/9 and 5/-.

Sole Distributors:

THOS. CHRISTY & CO.,
 4/12 Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4.

ALL THE
STING
OF YOUR
SWING
IS IN THE
PING
OF THE
SILVER KING
GOLF BALL



In MESH and RECESS MARKINGS 2/-
"KING PLUS" 2/6
"LYNX" 1/-
FREE: Send a card for the Silver King Hand-
book of Rules, Information, etc. It will interest you.
Makers: **THE SILVERTOWN COMPANY,**
Aldwych House, London, W.C.2.

UNIQUE / PROVED !!

Not only does this unique Triumph Super Seven 4-door Pillarless Saloon give the ease of entry of a large car but the interior is also surprisingly roomy—price £157 10s. Other models from £140. Write for details.



TRIUMPH

Lucas electrical equipment and Dunlop tyres standard.

Triumph Motor Company, Limited, Coventry. London: 218, Gt. Portland Street, W.

Let the "GREAT EIGHT" Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin.



The GREAT EIGHT Reading Room in Berlin

AT the Paris Offices of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE GRAPHIC," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "BRITANNIA and EVE," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at Berlin, 32, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of all the "GREAT EIGHT" publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

Our Advertisement Agents for France, Belgium and Germany are the Agence Dorland, who should be addressed (regarding French and Belgian business) at 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, VIII^e, and at 32, Kurfürstendamm, Berlin, W. 15, regarding German business.

For Switzerland and Italy our Advertisement Agents are the Agence Havas, who should be addressed at 8, Rue de la Rôtisserie, Geneva, Switzerland.

Keep a box by your bedside!

When you awake does your throat feel constricted or parched? That is a sign of "morning mouth." An "Allenburys" Pastille sucked immediately on waking brings a sweet cleanness to the mouth and a contented throat. The juice of fresh ripe black currants, together with pure glycerine, make them so delightfully refreshing.

Allenburys

Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**

8d. and 1/3 per box from chemists.



JOHN JORROCKS, M.F.H.

Here is a gay pottery ornament for any hunting household by Geoffrey Sparrow. The immortal Jorrocks stands beside a milestone marking 4 miles to Handley Cross, and from the vantage point of mantelpiece or bureau his rubicund features radiate cheerfulness and good humour even at breakfast time. Height 8 inches. The milestone is hollow and holds matches.

PRICE 31s. 6d.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C. 2

NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, urgently need £13 to give a weekly allowance to a lady aged sixty-five, who is practically bed-ridden with rheumatism and chronic heart disease. She lives in a tiny cottage near the



PLAYERS' NEW FACTORY AT NOTTINGHAM

A picture of this magnificent building which is nearing completion. The building is 500 ft. long, 66 ft. wide, and 85 ft. high. There are six storeys. In the building of it was used 3,000 tons of British steel, and 50,000 cubic feet of Empire stone. The floor area is 220,000 square feet, and the factory is all British throughout. When finished it will be the most up-to-date cigarette factory in the country

possible for her to make two ends meet. The Friends of the Poor want to give her 5s. a week; please help them to do so.

The All-British Motor Car Rally which is being organized by the R.A.C. will be held in Torquay, and as the R.A.C. head-quarters will be at the Palace Hotel Mr. G. W. Hands, the owner, extends a cordial invitation to all entrants, whether staying at the Palace Hotel or elsewhere, to avail themselves

of the amenities of his hotel, and offers them the free use of the swimming pool, golf course, squash racquets, badminton, and tennis courts. He will also give silver cups to the winners of the following competitions: Nine hole medal round (on handicap), on the small course in the hotel grounds; squash racquets competitions; tennis tournament. It is proposed to run these events during Friday and Saturday. Those who wish to compete should write to the manager (Mr. R. C. Willard) stating the events they wish to enter, time they can play, and the hotel at which they are staying. It is desirable that entries should be forwarded without delay. Further details will be issued through the Press, or posted to the competitors. It is also proposed to hold a display of swimming, trick and high diving by the champions of Devon in the Palace Hotel swimming pool. The time and day will be notified later. Mr. Hands will be remembered as one of the pioneers of the motoring industry, and he can claim in another sphere of activity to have created an hotel which is unique in the facilities for enjoyment, not only out-door, but indoor, where there is a magnificent gymnasium, beautiful ballroom, sun lounge, and cinema.

of the amenities of his hotel, and offers them the free use of the swimming pool, golf course, squash racquets, badminton, and tennis courts. He will also give silver cups to the winners of the following competitions: Nine hole medal round (on handicap), on the small course in the hotel grounds; squash racquets competitions; tennis tournament. It is proposed to run these events during Friday and Saturday. Those who wish to compete should write to the manager (Mr. R. C. Willard) stating the events they wish to enter, time they can play, and the hotel at which they are staying. It is desirable that entries should be forwarded without delay. Further details will be issued through the Press, or posted to the competitors. It is also proposed to hold a display of swimming, trick and high diving by the champions of Devon in the Palace Hotel swimming pool. The time and day will be notified later. Mr. Hands will be remembered as one of the pioneers of the motoring industry, and he can claim in another sphere of activity to have created an hotel which is unique in the facilities for enjoyment, not only out-door, but indoor, where there is a magnificent gymnasium, beautiful ballroom, sun lounge, and cinema.



ACROBATIC DANCING DELINEATED IN MODERN SCULPTURE

In last week's issue on our Wedding Engagements page, we published a photograph of Mrs. W. E. F. Wilson, and stated that she was the daughter of Dr. Tallack. The underline should have read "daughter of Mr. Francis Harold Cass Tallack."

This group of acrobatic dancers cast in brass and copper will shortly be seen on exhibition at Messrs. Tooths Galleries in Bond Street. It is one of the latest works of Mr. A. Gibbons Grinling, who was responsible for the bas-reliefs in the Cambridge Theatre. Mr. Grinling hopes to have an exhibition of wood-carving shortly. The cast of the above group is expected from Italy any day now, so it will probably be exhibited next week or the week after

Suggestions for Wedding Gifts

Say it in Prince's Plate.

Although Mappin and Webb are specialists in silver, they likewise focus their attention on Prince's Plate, the excellence of which is too well known to dwell on at this date in the calendar. Illustrated on this page is a muffin dish with lining for £3 7s. 6d., and then there is the octagonal entrée dish for £4 4s. In the heating-stand not only Prince's Plate but aluminium is present; it is £3 5s.; then there is the Prince's Plate and Pyrex casserole dish for £3; while the kettle fitted for electricity, 2 pint size, is £5. All interested in the subject must write for the illustrated catalogue.



Gifts planned for utility occupy a prominent position in Mappin and Webb's salons, Oxford Street, Regent Street, and Queen Victoria Street. Among them are the Prince's Plate muffin dish, entrée dish, casserole dish, and kettle

A New Telephone Case.

As Mappin and Webb ever walk step by step with fashion, it is no matter for surprise that they have perfected a leather cover or case that holds the two telephone books; it is particularly useful as well as decorative. Indeed there are helpful gadgets for all who use the telephone, as well as everything for the writing table. Indeed these salons are a veritable Mecca for those in quest of wedding and other gifts. And in these salons may be found perfect specimens of the jeweller's art; the gems are flawless and the settings are in complete harmony. The jewel above fashion—the pearl—is well represented. It is unique, inasmuch as it comes perfect from the hand of the Master Artist. Some of these ropes of pearls have taken years to collect, they match in colour and shape.

The GOSSARD *Line of Beauty*



Fashion
says. . . .

NEW 1932 GOWNS
MUST EXPRESS
INDIVIDUALITY

TO-DAY the ideal figure is the natural figure. The well-developed woman can be just as fashionable as her more slender sisters—if her figure is properly moulded.

The slenderising qualities of a Gossard MisSIMPLICITY garment are the result of an exclusive design which skilfully moulds the figure to slim curves.

Gossards are always correctly styled. Among the latest selections of the latest selections of Gossard foundation garments now being shown one can be sure of finding the model which is best suited to one's requirements.

We will gladly send you a copy of our Illustrated Catalogue together with name of nearest Gossard Distributor.

MODEL 6690. — GOSSARD MisSIMPLICITY for average to heavy figures requiring a short type of garment. Peach brocade, with satin tricot top. Bust sizes 32 to 42 (odd and even) 52/6

THE BRITISH H.W. GOSSARD CO. LTD., 168 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1
(Wholesale only)

Fenwick

OF BOND STREET
(CORNER OF BROOK STREET)

LADIES' TAILORS



. . . . and very fine Tailors too—

Little Suits 'come and go' . . . you may have many of them . . . But for that ONE PERFECT TAILOR-MADE, so surely one of Life's necessities, there's a special satisfaction in a Fenwick Suit designed and man-tailored to your order. Whether it is the dark, Classic Street Suit or an Out-of-Town Tailor-made in a truly rural tweed: come and choose it from the Fenwick Model Suits which compose the new Spring Group.

TAILORED TO ORDER **10½** GUINEAS

FENWICK, LADIES' TAILORS, 63 NEW BOND ST., W.1.

Heading the New Mode

THE new silhouettes, the enchanting manipulations of fabric make 1932 hats more intriguing and becoming than for many seasons past. Come and see *all* the new styles at Dickins & Jones.



FINE Straw, with small mixed flowers giving a delightful trimming across back. In red, brown, green and black.
Sizes 6½ and 6¾ **39/6**



A NEW Straw, with flowers under brim. In brown, blue, red and black.
Sizes 6½ and 7 **69/6**

Salon—Ground Floor.

**DICKINS
& JONES**
LTD
REGENT STREET, W.1
Telephone: Regent 7070

HARVEY NICHOLS



(Left)

VERY attractive Stockings of Pure Silk Net—British-made, and beautifully finished. In French nude, suntan, creole, linnet, sunbronze, oak, new beaver, mushroom, sable, French beige and gunmetal.

Pair **9/11**



(Right)

PURE Silk Stockings in the popular crêpe finish, with very dainty lace clox. British-made; suitable for day or evening wear. In French nude, brunette, antelope, creole, gazelle, leaf-mould, afghan, beige, wood rose, acorn and gunmetal.

Pair **8/11**

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1

LONDON CINEMA

STOLL, KINGSWAY.

DAILY from 12 noon.

(SUNDAYS from 6.0)

Week of February 22nd.

JANET GAYNOR

and CHARLES FARRELL in

"MERELY MARY ANN"

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

and FREDRIC MARCH in

"HONOUR AMONG LOVERS"

MICKEY MOUSE in "Fishing Around"

CASH ADVANCES.

CHAS. BRADBURY LTD. WITH OR WITHOUT SECURITY. £25 to £5,000

26, SACKVILLE STREET, LONDON, W.1.

TELEPHONE: REGENT 3123, 3440, 3995.

PERMANENT FACE REJUVENATION

BY THE

Manners
TREATMENT

is guaranteed to make the Face look 15 years younger.

You may feel young—but does your face reflect this feeling?

No one bothers about your age—so long as you LOOK young—but how often does one hear the remark "She must be getting on" when tell-tale lines from Nose to Mouth, Wrinkles around the Eyes, Sagging Cheeks, definitely denote that age is creeping on. The Manners Treatment makes all these disappear, permanently, and without discomfort, in ONE VISIT. Call and have a chat with Madame Manners—it will be a revelation to you to hear her explain her treatment and prove definitely what she can do to restore YOUR face to its former youthful appearance, and incidentally give you a new lease of happiness.

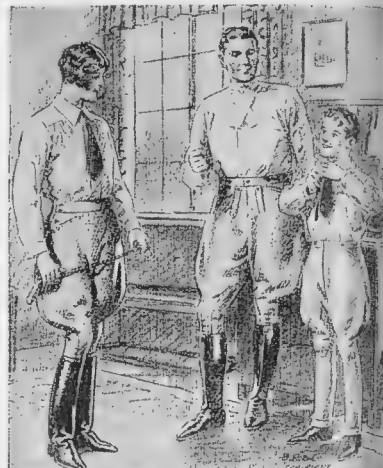
Madame Manners is an ENGLISHWOMAN and the only woman giving this treatment. Doctors will personally recommend.

Personal Consultation Free. Hours 10.30—6.30.

MADAME MANNERS, 3, CONDUIT ST. (Side Door), LONDON, W.1

REAL ECONOMY IS TO SPEND WISELY

TO GET THE VERY BEST VALUE FOR YOUR MONEY COMPARE OUR VALUE AND YOU WILL SPEND YOUR MONEY WITH US.



RIDING OUTFITS for Ladies, Gents and Children.

BREECHES from 21/-
JACKET & BREECHES from 84/-

Call and inspect our fine range of materials or send for patterns and compare. Mention "The Tatler"

Bedford Riding Breeches
TURNER LTD.

(Dept. 30), 19, NEW QUEBEC ST., MARBLE ARCH, LONDON, W.1



Two Steeples
Socks & Underwear
ALL BRITISH

TITLED LADIES' GOWNS

Also Direct from All Eminent Model Houses.

Wonderful Selection of Latest Model DAY and EVENING GOWNS, WARM FROCKS COATS, by REVILLE, CHANEL, LANVIN, etc. NEW and worn once only. Our Prices 50/- to 8 Gns. Approx. one-quarter orig. cost. RIDING HABITS by BUSVINE, etc., from 2 Gns. FURS, etc.



REGENT DRESS AGENCY

Piccadilly Mansions, 17, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, W.1 (Next door to Café Monico.) Gerrard 8461.

GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT (NEW SAVILE ROW MISFITS) ON SEPARATE FLOOR.

Your Hair Brush rebristled

I specialise in replacing bristles in worn brushes. Forward your Ivory, Silver or Ebony brushes, when quotation will be sent by return of post.

JOHN HASSALL,
Brush and Mirror Manufacturer
(Dept. E)
64, St. Paul's Churchyard, LONDON, E.C.4



THE SNAP REGD

Made of Fur Felt with bound or unbound edge in Light and Dark Grey, Buff and Brown; also full-bound curled model in Light and Dark Grey and Buff.

16/6



BRANCHES: 62 Piccadilly, W.1. 132 Fenchurch Street, E.C.3.
58 Cheapside, E.C.2. 78 Lombard St., E.C.3. 1 Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Sq.

YES, WE HAVE ..

"I want to secure, if it is now possible, a set of Bairnsfather's famous War-time Cartoons in COLOUR. I believe these were published in THE BYSTANDER, and I shall be glad if you will let me know if you have any sets suitable for framing."

BAIRNSFATHER'S

Fragments from France

CARTOONS IN COLOUR

The receipt of the above letter resulted in our discovering a very limited number of sets of these world-famous cartoons, which to-day have lost none of their clever, though grim, humour. Now is your opportunity to secure one of these sets for your "den," and for your boys to see the kind of humour that helped us through the War. These pictures are ideal for presentation for decorative purposes in Ex-Service Men's Clubs.

The Series of Twelve in Portfolio mounted on white art plate sunk mounts,

12/6 post free.

From: ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LTD.,
346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

COATS AND SKIRTS : SPRING COATS



By Appointment

The

Superiority of the

TAILOR

MADE

by Debenhams

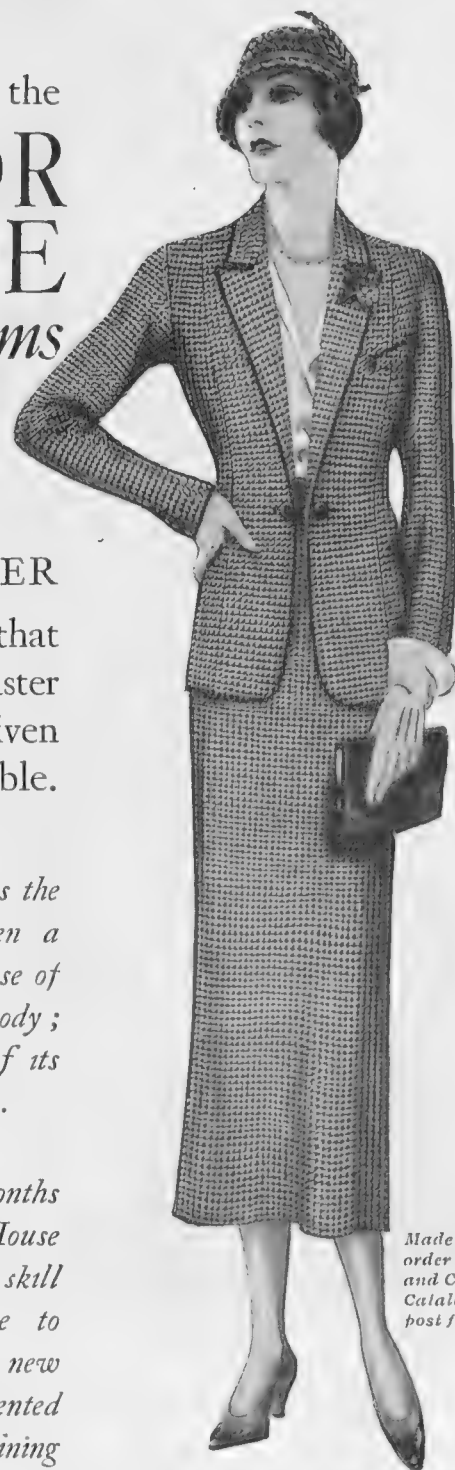


FOR EASTER

It is asked that orders for the Easter Tailoring be given as early as possible.

For many generations the tailor-made has been a speciality of the House of Debenham & Freebody; and the reputation of its tailors is world-wide.

For the past few months the tailors of the House have devoted their skill and long experience to the creation of the new modes now presented which, while retaining the cachet of distinction and fine craftsmanship always characteristic of a Debenham model, meet the demand for styles that are also useful and practical.



Made to order Suit and Coat Catalogue post free.

Tailored Coat and Skirt in checked West of England Suiting, in the newest colourings, coat braided by hand with fine military braid to tone, skirt with inverted box pleat at back, braided pockets to match.

MADE TO ORDER 10½ Gns.

Hat to match, copy of a Patou, in celophane straw and felt - 59/6

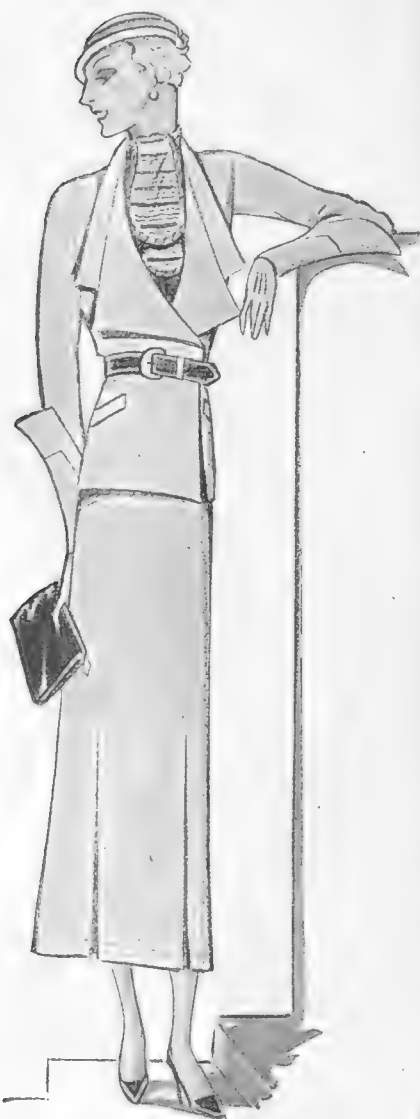
Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE ST., W.1

Debenhams Ltd.

Smart Clothes for SMART WOMEN

Illustrated Price List on request



A very attractive Coat and Skirt, obtainable in all colours with exclusive Striped Jumper, with short or long sleeves and scarf, at the modest price of—

7½ Gns. INCLUSIVE.

A DISPLAY of NEW MODELS
will be given on

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2nd

at the BASIL STREET HOTEL
(Adjoining KNIGHTSBRIDGE Tube Station)

3.30 to 6 p.m.

Tickets of Admission sent on application.

**Richard
Sands & Co.**

SLOANE STREET, S.W.1

Stop that cold with



The three-way treatment

Stopping a cold with Vapex is a scientific and at the same time a most pleasant and logical treatment of this common and dangerous ailment.

A drop of Vapex on your handkerchief, a drop on your pillow and a drop on your cigarette give you a twenty-four hour treatment that is as effective as it is pleasant.

Vapex inhaled from your handkerchief clears the breathing passages. It destroys cold germs before they settle in the warm passages of the nose and throat. It fortifies the delicate inner membrane to a greater degree of resistance to disease.

A drop on each end of your pillow gives you comfort and protection as you sleep. A drop on your cigarette brings the healing vapour into direct contact with the throat and posterior nasal passages. Vapex grows stronger on exposure to the air. You can feel its strong anti-septic vapour stealing through the deep recesses of the nose and throat, cleansing and soothing the irritated membranes.

It is so simple to stop a cold the Vapex way.

Of all Chemists 2/- and 3/-
(Double quantity in 3/- size.)

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

V73

NAVIDALE HOUSE HOTEL, HELMSDALE, SUTHERLAND

The Hotel is ideally situated, own grounds of 7 acres, facing south and overlooking gardens and sea. It has been modernized, retaining the country house atmosphere. Anglers fishing at Helmsdale will find every comfort. Golf, Tennis, Boating, Sea Trout and Deep Sea Fishing. Garage adjoins Hotel—Station one mile. To encourage Bookings the amenities of this First-Class Hotel are offered at most reasonable terms.

Resident Proprietress: MRS. C. M. WALLACE (late of Hotel Bettyhill).

Telephone: 37.

Telegrams: Wallace, Helmsdale.

MADAME SUEUR personally
advises ladies on treatments
for the removal of

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Highest recommendations. Gysia Eau Pilo-phage, the wonderful home treatment, consists of two liquids: Number 1 removes the hair, Number 2 kills the roots.

Dept. I, 35, ALBEMARLE ST., PICCADILLY, W.1

Use
DENELLE
Creams
and
Powders.
Warranted
not to
grow
hair.

'Phone :
REGENT
2108

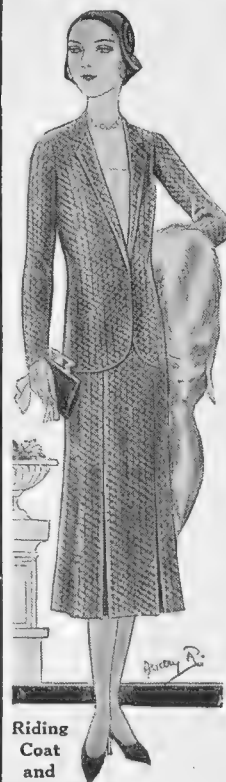


-Kill the
ROOTS*
with
Gysia
EAU
PILOPHAGE

S M E E ' S

Est. 1907.

'Phone: Mayfair 1543



Specialité

The Tudor
Costume
£6.6.0

This is All-
British Work-
manship and
Material. Mr.
Smee cuts and
fits personally.

Advanced selec-
tion of Early
Spring Materials.

If not able to call
send for my self-
measurement
form with pat-
terns, receiving
the same per-
sonal attention.

Riding
Coat
and
Breeches

from
£9.9.0

Customers from
all parts of the
world testify to
the value of our
Costumes and
Coats.

Only Address—

55, SOUTH MOLTON ST., W.1.

THE SIGNS OF AGE
are hastened by neglect.

To retain the beauty of
youth, make constant use of
CRÈME SIMON.

It softens the skin,
prevents wrinkles,
and gives it the
velvety smooth-
ness and freshness
of youth.

Use also the
**POUDRE and
SAVON SIMON**

At all chemists, hairdressers
& stores. — Wholesale :
MERTENS, 65 Holborn
Viaduct, LONDON E.C.1.

CRÈME SIMON

PARIS.

STAMP COLLECTORS
I make
a speciality
of Rare British
Colonial Stamps.
Selections sent on approval.
T. ALLEN
6, Blake Hall Rd., Wanstead, London, E.11

£200 guarantee that Wrinkles
can be eradicated at once by
MADAME STERLING.
No Knife, Injections, Creams, Massage or Elec-
tricity used. Method simple, rational & hygienic.
235, REGENT ST., OXFORD CIRCUS.



V. 759.—Becoming Hat in shiny Straw, trimmed ribbon in self or contrasting colourings. In medium fittings. Price **39/6**

Woollands

Exclusive, NOT Expensive.

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W. 1

Woolland Bros., Ltd.

Knightsbridge, S.W. 1



The Transformation is supplied in natural wavy hair, price from 15 Gns. Toupet, for front and top of head only, from 7 Gns. Shingled Head-dress from 20 Gns.

The woman who appreciates the importance of her coiffure will welcome the latest "Nicol" creation, the "FINETTA PARTING" Transformation. The exquisite quality of the workmanship ensures a resemblance to nature without comparison.

Write for 1932 Catalogue
Specialists in Permanent Waving

Maison-Nicol

LTD.

170 NEW BOND STREET, W. 1

Telephones: Regent 6358 & 6359

Telegrams: Posticheur, London

Our Instalment Plan of payment is available if preferred



"There's a rainbow round my shoulder"

"MACCLEBOIL" Scarves are made in vivid and lovely hues in harmonised or syn-copated colour tones, guaranteed fast-to-boiling. In pure, rich Macclesfield Silk, from 5/11 each, at all good shops. Look for the small seal-ticket on every scarf.

Handkerchiefs from 1/- and 1/6. For men, from 2/6.

BRITISH MADE.

MACCLEBOIL

PURE SILK SCARVES

David Whitfield & Co. Ltd., Waterside Mills, Macclesfield.

P. STEINMANN & CO.

FRENCH HOUSE. M. L. EAST. 67 Years in Piccadilly.

The most fascinating Shop in Town.



Neckwear Set in beige lace and net. Made by hand. 25/-
Others in unusual exclusive styles from 15/-

Delightful styles in hand-embroidery Organdi Neckwear.

Lingerie Specialists.

Layette.

Catalogues on request.

Crêpe-de-Chine Nightgown in pure silk with handsome lace trimming. Made in our own workrooms by hand. 69/6

Jacket, 45/-

Lingerie Laces in endless choice.
Book of actual patterns sent.

Baby Linen. Everything for making Baby Clothes. Exquisite Flounces for Robes and Frocks. Finest Muslins, plain and fancy. Laces, Embroideries, Nainsooks, Flannels, etc.
Send for books of actual samples, unique and fascinating.

185-6, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W. 1 (Between Bond St. & Piccadilly Circus)

FIRST FLOOR. We have no Shop Window.



THE "ROTTEN ROW"
Newest flexible lightweight felt Riding Hat, in all colours and all head sizes. Price **30/-**

New Illustrated Catalogue sent Post Free.

ROBERT HEATH
LIMITED
ONLY ADDRESS
37-39 KNIGHTSBRIDGE-SW1

By Appointment.

Photo by Tunbridge.



Liverish People Need Vichy-Célestins

IN the famous Vichy-Célestins *Natural* Mineral Water, Nature supplies just those salts and other mineral elements which repel liverish tendencies.

Vichy-Célestins is a natural orderly which helps the liver to function normally.

Vichy-Célestins is very pleasant to the taste, and may be taken at meals and at any other period of the day.

Obtainable everywhere.

VICHY-CELESTINS

The world-renowned NATURAL Mineral Water.

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the *Sole Wholesale Agents*:

INGRAM & ROYLE, LTD.,

Bangor Wharf, 45 Belvedere Road,
London, S.E.1.




AMERICAN BROADTAIL

COLLAR OF FOX TO TONE

THE most popular of furs for early Spring. The model illustrated is cut on the latest lines from fine skins selected for beauty of marking and can be supplied in various shades of beige and brown.

69 GNS.
(or 12 monthly payments of £6.6.9)

DEFERRED TERMS
For the convenience of clients, any purchase may, if desired, be paid for in twelve equal monthly payments, at an extra charge of only 5 per cent. on ordinary cash prices. Delivery on payment of first instalment.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
of the newest ideas in Coats and Ties sent
Post Free on request.

NATIONAL FUR COMPANY,
LIMITED
Fur Specialists since 1878.
193 BROMPTON ROAD,
LONDON, S.W. 3



EASTER

IN THE HOLY LAND

That alone would be worth the journey, but passengers by the 20,000 ton Orient Liner "Otranto" sailing 12th March will see North Africa, Egypt, Rhodes, Constantinople and Athens too.

30 DAYS' CRUISE FOR 52 GUINEAS

Write for programme of
SIXTEEN ORIENT LINE CRUISES
TO WEST INDIES, MEDITERRANEAN, ATLANTIC ISLANDS, NORWAY AND NORTHERN CAPITALS

ORIENT LINE CRUISES

Managers: Anderson, Green & Co., Ltd., 5 Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.3.
West End Offices: 14 Cockspur Street, S.W.1, & No. 1 Australia House, Strand, W.C.2.

LIST OF HOTELS.

A RIVIERA HOLIDAY AT
SUNNY ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA

—where the summer lingers longest, and where calm, mild weather continues throughout the winter. At the historic Royal Victoria Hotel you can enjoy supremely fine hotel service and homely comforts too for **4½ gns. weekly**. 100 bedrooms and private suites. Running water to all bedrooms and lift to all floors. Central and electric heating, good English food and famous chef. Telephone: HASTINGS 869.

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL**BOURNEMOUTH—CARLTON HOTEL**

Right on the Sea Front, facing full South. 150 Rooms. Every modern convenience. Garage for 60 Cars. Telegrams: Carltonian. 'Phone: 6560.

BRIGHTON—NORFOLK HOTEL (Finest Position on Sea Front)

Central heating, hot and cold running water and telephone in every room. Choice cuisine and wines. Individual attention and comfort.

Special Residential Tariff.

Under New and Progressive Ownership :: 'Phone: Hove 40'5 (4 lines).

BUDE. N. CORNWALL.

"GRENVILLE HOTEL"

80 Bedrooms, Suites Ballroom, Billiard Room, Central Heating, Lifts, Garage, Two minutes from Sea, Golf, Hard and Grass Courts, Squash Racquets, Croquet, Bowls, &c.

TETCOTT HUNT BALL, EASTER MONDAY, 28th MARCH, 1932.

LONDON

PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL

De Vere Gardens - Kensington, W.
(by Park Gates)

A bright and pleasant hotel in an exclusive situation South of the Park. 120 large Bedrooms—all magnificent apartments, finely furnished and fitted with every conceivable convenience. Modern hot and cold water installation throughout. Cuisine, service and wines of supreme excellence . . . famous among discriminating people for over 40 years. Most reasonable Daily or Inclusive Terms.

REDUCED WINTER SEASON RATES.

Telephone: Western 4872. Telegrams: Suasively, Kens., London.
Tariff on request to Director.

TORQUAY VICTORIA & ALBERT

FIRST CLASS LEADING HOTEL

Sea Views. Exclusive Menu. Choicest Wines. Orchestra.

Facing the Rock in Gibraltar Bay—

HOTEL CRISTINA

BRITISH OWNED

ALGECIRAS—4 days from London by P & O, Orient and other Steamers.

Splendidly situated with unrivalled view; stands in grounds twenty acres in extent. Tennis, Golf, Polo, Yachting, Boating, Fishing, Bathing. An excellent tourist centre—within convenient distance of Seville, Tangier, Granada, Cordova and Ceuta. Wonderful climate—continuous sunshine practically all the year round. The Hotel Cristina has recently been re-built and re-furnished and re-opens on

February 23rd. It will have every modern convenience; electricity throughout; comfortable, attractive rooms and suites with bathrooms; hot and cold water in all bedrooms. Good garage.

All trains and steamers met at Algeciras. Special arrangements to meet all boats at Gibraltar.

Terms and any information gladly forwarded

Apply Manager: Hotel Cristina, Algeciras; or Principal London Tourist Agencies

AN IDEAL RESORT!

PALERMO
(Sicily)

VILLA IGIEA

Large Park on Sea Front. Tennis. Sea and Sun Baths. Golf Links. Orchestra.

GRAND HOTEL ET DES PALMES

Centre of the Town. Renowned Restaurant.

HOTEL EXCELSIOR

For Families. Garden. Tennis.

TAORMINA

SAN DOMENICO PALACE

Former Dominican Monastery of the 15th Century—only one in the World.

GRAND HOTEL All rooms with Bath.

Reductions in Railway Fares "Primavera Siciliana" on the French and Swiss lines and 50 per cent. from the Italian Frontier to Sicily.

LIST OF HOTELS—continued.

In the midst of fragrant Pines you will find the hotel they call Branksome . . . a hotel renowned for its luxury years before most of today's "palaces" were dreamed of . . . which is nevertheless as up-to-date as its most recent rival. The cuisine is renowned throughout Europe, the service unobtrusive in its perfection. There is a squash racquets court, a putting green and four tennis courts within the ten acres of grounds. Five first-class golf courses within easy reach. Large garage with private lock-ups.

Write to L. Burdet (late of the Carlton Hotel), Manager, for Illustrated Booklet and Tariff.

BRANKSOME TOWER HOTEL

'PHONE (MANAGEMENT) 415 (VISITORS) 4000
'GRAMS BRANKSOME TOWER, BOURNEMOUTH

BOURNEMOUTH

SUNNY HOTEL ROYAL 200 Rooms
SAN REMO (ITALIAN) 120 Baths
Luxury and comfort at moderate prices.

Cuticura Preparations

CLEANSING
SOAP



HEALING
OINTMENT

SHOULD be kept in every household for the daily use of all the family; the Soap to protect the skin as well as cleanse it, the Ointment to relieve and heal chafings, rashes, irritations and cuts.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Sold at all chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E. C. 1. Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d.

1793 1932
THE TEST OF TIME

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL, for the hair, was first made in 1793. It has been used by the public in ever-growing numbers for 139 years, which surely is proof of its deserved position as the leading hair preparation of to-day.

Rowland's Macassar Oil keeps the hair in perfect condition and imparts to it a lovely glossiness.

Of Chemists, Stores, and Hairdressers. 3/6, 7/- & 10/6. Red for dark hair. Golden for fair or grey hair.

A. ROWLAND & SONS LTD.,
22, Laystall St., Rosebery Avenue, E.C.1.

STORIES

YOU CAN'T HELP
READING . . .

"In a couple of hours or so, the pounding of the tramp's engines subsided to a faint purr and, barely holding her own against the heaving sea, she lay half a mile to leeward of the blurred mass whence the appealing rockets had leapt to the apparently unanswering heavens. . . .

At the first streak of dawn the Third Mate entered the Chief Officer's room. Even as the door opened, the Mate sat up in his bunk instantly awake and keenly alert.

"What's she slowed down for, Third?" he asked anxiously. "In my sleep I felt something was wrong somewhere."

"Nothing wrong with us, sir," answered the Third Officer, "but there's a dismasted barque up to wind'ard in a devil of a mess. All her gear, except the mizzen, is hanging over the port side, and I can see the poor devils trying to work at the pumps as though they're beat to the wide. . . . I've seen mined ships lying in pieces on the Goodwins, and I've passed lifeboats manned with starved corpses in the Bay . . . and this sea-swept coffin reminds me . . ."

"Yes, you've seen a lot in the course of your long life," interrupted the Mate briskly. "Who is she?"

You'll keep on reading when once you start "SALVAGE," a drama of the sea, by P. C. Wren—author of "Beau Geste."



PICTURES
you can't
help
studying

In "THE LAST DOOR TO THE ARCTIC OPENS" . . . threatening the fur trade, Canada's oldest industry, and the natives of the far North, with over-exploitation and too much white "culture."
By Philip H. Godsell.

BRITANNIA AND EVE is B·U·I·L·T
to interest—Isn't there something
here that interests YOU?

"SALVAGE" by P. C. Wren

"BIG BUSINESS" by Gordon Beckles

"PLAYING WITH FIRE" by Alec Waugh

"IT'S A WISE CHILD . . ." by G. B. Stern

"BEHIND THE SILVER SCREEN" by Margaret Chute

"AIREDALE" by Charles J. McGuirk

"THE ANONYMOUS SUPER-MEN OF THE AIR"
by Joan Woolcombe

"WIND-JAMMING THE HORN" by Shaw Desmond
QUEER TALES OF LONG AGO: "THE STORY OF
MARY READ" by F. Matania, R.I.

"OPEN LETTERS TO THE WOULD-BE'S OF THE
THEATRE" by Hannen Swaffer

"EXIT THE COMIC TRAMP—ENTER THE COMIC
KING!" by Sydney Tremayne

"NEW WINE IN OLD BOTTLES" by Winifred Lewis

"BOOKS AS DECORATION" by Derek Patmore

A GOING-OUT SET FOR BABY

A SMART HAT AND CRAVAT SCARF

"THE LAST DOOR TO THE ARCTIC OPENS"

by Philip H. Godsell
"YELLOW WOMEN AND BLOND MEN"

by Mollie Panter-Downes

BOOKS: reviewed by Arnold Palmer

ODDS AND ENDS OF IMPORTANCE

THE SLINGS AND ARROWS OF OUTRAGEOUS
FASHION

WHAT I BOUGHT THIS MONTH

"THE BUFFET SUPPER" by Kathleen K. Bowker

THE MOTORING SECTION conducted by the Earl of Cardigan

In "QUEER
TALES OF
LONG AGO,"
by F. Matania,
R.I. The story
of Mary Read;
soldier,
pirate,
wife and lover.



You'll know better what a **NEW STYLE**
MAGAZINE means when you have
seen the **FEBRUARY** issue of

BRITANNIA AND EVE

MORE PEOPLE ARE TAKING IT EACH MONTH—TO MAKE SURE, PLACE A REGULAR ORDER

LIST OF HOTELS.

A RIVIERA HOLIDAY AT
SUNNY ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA
 —where the summer lingers longest, and where calm, mild weather continues throughout the winter. At the historic Royal Victoria Hotel you can enjoy supremely fine hotel service and homely comforts too for **48 gns.** weekly. 100 bedrooms and private suites. Running water to all bedrooms and lift to all floors. Central and electric heating, good English food and famous chef. Telephone: HASTINGS 869.
ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL

BOURNEMOUTH—CARLTON HOTEL
 Right on the Sea Front, facing full South. 150 Rooms. Every modern convenience. Garage for 60 Cars. Telegrams: Carltonian. Phone: 6560.

BRIGHTON—NORFOLK HOTEL (Finest Position on Sea Front)

Central heating, hot and cold running water and telephone in every room. Choice cuisine and wines. Individual attention and comfort.

Special Residential Tariff.

Under New and Progressive Ownership :: Phone: Hove 4095 (4 lines).

BUDE. N. CORNWALL.
"GRENVILLE HOTEL"

80 Bedrooms, Suites Ballroom, Billiard Room, Central Heating, Lifts, Garage. Two minutes from Sea, Golf, Hard and Grass Courts, Squash Racquets, Croquet, Bowls, &c.

TETCOTT HUNT BALL, EASTER MONDAY, 28th MARCH, 1932.

LONDON
PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL

De Vere Gardens - Kensington, W.
 (by Park Gates)

A bright and pleasant hotel in an exclusive situation South of the Park. 120 large Bedrooms—all magnificent apartments, finely furnished and fitted with every conceivable convenience. Modern hot and cold water installation throughout.

Cuisine, service and wines of supreme excellence . . . famous among discriminating people for over 40 years. Most reasonable Daily or Inclusive Terms.

REDUCED WINTER SEASON RATES.

Telephone: Western 4872.

Telegrams: Suasively, Kens., London.

Tariff on request to Director.

TORQUAY **VICTORIA & ALBERT**
 FIRST CLASS LEADING HOTEL
 Sea Views. Exclusive Menu. Choicest Wines. Orchestra.

Facing the Rock in Gibraltar Bay—
HOTEL CRISTINA

BRITISH OWNED

ALGECIRAS—4 days from London by P & O, Orient and other Steamers.

Splendidly situated with unrivalled view; stands in grounds twenty acres in extent. Tennis, Golf, Polo, Yachting, Boating, Fishing, Bathing. An excellent tourist centre—within convenient distance of Seville, Tangier, Granada, Cordova and Ceuta. Wonderful climate—continuous sunshine practically all the year round. The Hotel Cristina has recently been re-built and re-furnished and re-opens on

February 23rd. It will have every modern convenience; electricity throughout; comfortable, attractive rooms and suites with bathrooms; hot and cold water in all bedrooms. Good garage.

All trains and steamers met at Algeciras. Special arrangements to meet all boats at Gibraltar.

Terms and any information gladly forwarded

Apply Manager: Hotel Cristina, Algeciras; or Principal London Tourist Agencies

AN IDEAL RESORT!

PALERMO
 (Sicily)

VILLA IGIEA
 Large Park on Sea Front. Sea and Sun Baths. Golf Links. Tennis. Orchestra.

GRAND HOTEL ET DES PALMES
 Centre of the Town. Renowned Restaurant.

HOTEL EXCELSIOR
 For Families. Garden. Tennis.

TAORMINA

SAN DOMENICO PALACE
 Former Dominican Monastery of the 15th Century—only one in the World.

GRAND HOTEL All rooms with Bath.

Reductions in Railway Fares "Primavera Siciliana" on the French and Swiss lines and 50 per cent. from the Italian Frontier to Sicily.

LIST OF HOTELS—continued.

In the midst of fragrant Pines you will find the hotel they call Branksome . . . a hotel renowned for its luxury years before most of today's "palaces" were dreamed of . . . which is nevertheless as up-to-date as its most recent rival. The cuisine is renowned throughout Europe, the service unobtrusive in its perfection. There is a squash racquets court, a putting green and four tennis courts within the ten acres of grounds. Five first-class golf courses within easy reach. Large garage with private lock-ups.

Write to L. Burdet (late of the Carlton Hotel), Manager, for Illustrated Booklet and Tariff.

BRANKSOME TOWER HOTEL

PHONE (MANAGEMENT) 415 (VISITORS) 4000
 GRAMS BRANKSOME TOWER, BOURNEMOUTH

BOURNEMOUTH

SUNNY HOTEL ROYAL 200 Rooms
SAN REMO (ITALIAN) 120 Baths
 (RIVIERA) Luxury and comfort at moderate prices.

Cuticura Preparations

CLEANSING
 SOAP



HEALING
 OINTMENT

SHOULD be kept in every household for the daily use of all the family; the Soap to protect the skin as well as cleanse it, the Ointment to relieve and heal chafings, rashes, irritations and cuts.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Sold at all chemists. British Depot:

F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd.,
 31, Banner St., London, E.C. 1.
 Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d.

1793 1932
THE TEST OF TIME

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL, for the hair, was first made in 1793. It has been used by the public in ever-growing numbers for 139 years, which surely is proof of its deserved position as the leading hair preparation of to-day.

Rowland's Macassar Oil keeps the hair in perfect condition and imparts to it a lovely glossiness.

Of Chemists, Stores, and Hairdressers. 3/6, 7/- & 10/6. Red for dark hair. Golden for fair or grey hair.

A. ROWLAND & SONS LTD.,
 22, Laystall St., Rosebery Avenue, E.C.1

STORIES

YOU CAN'T HELP
READING . . .

"In a couple of hours or so, the pounding of the tramp's engines subsided to a faint purr and, barely holding her own against the heaving sea, she lay half a mile to leeward of the blurred mass whence the appealing rockets had leapt to the apparently unanswering heavens. . . .

At the first streak of dawn the Third Mate entered the Chief Officer's room. Even as the door opened, the Mate sat up in his bunk instantly awake and keenly alert.

"What's she slowed down for, Third?" he asked anxiously. "In my sleep I felt something was wrong somewhere."

"Nothing wrong with us, sir," answered the Third Officer, "but there's a dismayed barque up to wind'ard in a devil of a mess. All her gear, except the mizzen, is hanging over the port side, and I can see the poor devils trying to work at the pumps as though they're beat to the wide. . . . I've seen mined ships lying in pieces on the Goodwins, and I've passed lifeboats manned with starved corpses in the Bay . . . and this sea-swept coffin reminds me . . ."

"Yes, you've seen a lot in the course of your long life," interrupted the Mate briskly. "Who is she?"

You'll keep on reading when once you start "SALVAGE," a drama of the sea, by P. C. Wren—author of "Beau Geste."

BRITANNIA AND EVE is B·U·I·L·T
to interest—Isn't there something
here that interests YOU?

"SALVAGE" by P. C. Wren

"BIG BUSINESS" by Gordon Beckles

"PLAYING WITH FIRE" by Alec Waugh

"IT'S A WISE CHILD . . ." by G. B. Stern

"BEHIND THE SILVER SCREEN" by Margaret Chute

"AIREDALE" by Charles J. McGuirk

"THE ANONYMOUS SUPER-MEN OF THE AIR"

by Joan Woolcombe

"WIND-JAMMING THE HORN" by Shaw Desmond

QUEER TALES OF LONG AGO: "THE STORY OF MARY READ" by F. Matania, R.I.

"OPEN LETTERS TO THE WOULD-BE'S OF THE THEATRE" by Hannen Swaffer

"EXIT THE COMIC TRAMP—ENTER THE COMIC KING!" by Sydney Tremayne

"NEW WINE IN OLD BOTTLES" by Winifred Lewis

"BOOKS AS DECORATION" by Derek Patmore

A GOING-OUT SET FOR BABY

A SMART HAT AND CRAVAT SCARF

"THE LAST DOOR TO THE ARCTIC OPENS"

by Philip H. Godsell

"YELLOW WOMEN AND BLOND MEN"

by Mollie Panter-Downes

BOOKS: reviewed by Arnold Palmer

ODDS AND ENDS OF IMPORTANCE

THE SLINGS AND ARROWS OF OUTRAGEOUS FASHION

WHAT I BOUGHT THIS MONTH

"THE BUFFET SUPPER" by Kathleen K. Bowker

THE MOTORING SECTION conducted by the Earl of Cardigan



PICTURES
you can't
help
studying

In "THE LAST DOOR TO THE ARCTIC OPENS" . . . threatening the fur trade, Canada's oldest industry, and the natives of the far North, with over-exploitation and too much white "culture."
By Philip H. Godsell.



In "QUEER TALES OF LONG AGO," by F. Matania, R.I. The story of Mary Read; soldier, pirate, wife and lover.

You'll know better what a **NEW STYLE**
MAGAZINE means when you have
seen the **FEBRUARY** issue of

BRITANNIA AND EVE

MORE PEOPLE ARE TAKING IT EACH MONTH—TO MAKE SURE, PLACE A REGULAR ORDER